

From Blackwood's Magazine.

CROMWELL.*

MR. CARLYLE'S services to history in collecting and editing these letters and speeches of Cromwell, all men will readily and gratefully acknowledge. A work more valuable as a guide to the study of the singular and complex character of our pious revolutionist, our religious demagogue, our preaching and praying warrior and usurper, has not been produced. There is another portion of Mr. Carlyle's labors which will not meet so unanimous an approbation. As *editor*, Mr. Carlyle has given us a valuable work; as *commentator*, the view which he would teach us to take of English Puritanism is, to our thinking, simply, the most paradoxical, absurd, unintelligible, mad business we ever encountered in our lives.

Our hero-worshipper, it must be allowed, has been more fortunate this time in the selection of his object of devotion than when he shouted to the skies his Mirabeaus and Dantons. But he makes an unfortunate species of compensation. In proportion as his hero is more within the bounds of humanity has his worship become more extravagant and outrageous. He out-puritans the puritans; he is more fanatic than his idol; he has chosen to express himself with such a righteous truculence, such a sanguinary zeal, such a pious contempt for human virtue and human sympathies, as would have startled Old Noll himself. It is a bad religion this hero-worship—at least as practised by Mr. Carlyle. Here is our amiable countryman rendered by it, in turn, a terrorist and a fanatic. All his own intellectual culture he throws down and abandons. Such dire transformation ensues as reminds us of a certain hero-worship which Milton has celebrated:

"Horror on him falls,

*And horrid sympathy; for what he sees
He feels himself, now changing; down his arms,
Down falls the spear and shield; down he as fast;
And the dire hiss renews, and the dire form,
Caught by contagion."*

But to our task—which is no light one; for in our survey of this book we have to keep in view both hero and hero-worshipper, Cromwell and Carlyle, both somewhat slippery personages, abnormal, enigmatical.

The speeches of Oliver Cromwell have a formidable reputation for prolixity, confusion, and excessive tediousness; yet we have not, for our own part, found these volumes to be of the dry and scarce readable description which their title foreboded; and we would caution others not to be deterred by any fears of this nature from their perusal. They will find an interest grow upon them as they proceed, and the last volume to be more attractive than the first. As the work advances, the letters and speeches of Cromwell become more intimately connected with the great transactions of the period, and the editor himself more frequently favors us with some specimen of his happier manner, where concentration of style, a spirit of humor and reflec-

tion, and a power of vivid portraiture, have not degenerated into mere quaintness, into a species of slang, into *Carlylisms*, into vague generalities about infinitudes and eternities. At all times the interspersed commentary—written in that peculiar, fantastic, jingling manner which, illegitimate as it is, disorderly and scandalous to all lovers of propriety in style and diction, is at all events the very opposite to dullness—forms perhaps the most fortunate contrast that could have been devised, with the Cromwellian period, so arid and colorless, so lengthy and so tortuous, tinged often with such a dismal obscurity, and valuable in fact only as showing the *man*, utterly valueless as an exposition of thought. Perhaps, as models of style, a critic would be as little disposed to applaud the writing of Mr. Carlyle as the compositions of Cromwell, but they form here an admirable relief the one to the other; taken together, one can consume a considerable quantity of both. Your dry bread is weary mastication, and your potted anchovies have a somewhat too stinging flavor; but taken together, sandwich-fashion, as they are here, the consumption may go on rapidly enough.

But, whether dry or not, the letters and speeches of Cromwell should be read by every one desirous of obtaining an insight into the character of not the least extraordinary, nor the least misrepresented personage in history. If there is any one who still believes that Cromwell was a thorough hypocrite, that his religion was a systematic feint to cover his ambitious designs, the perusal of these volumes will entirely undeceive him. We look upon this hypothesis this Machiavelian explanation of Cromwell's character, as henceforth entirely dismissed from all candid and intelligent minds. It was quite natural that such a view should be taken of their terrible enemy by the royalists of the restoration, hating his memory with a most cordial hatred, and accustomed, in their blinding licentiousness, to look upon *all* religion as little better than cant and hypocrisy. It was quite natural that such a portrait of him should be drawn by the men who unearthed his bones, and vented their rage upon a senseless corpse. We see it was quite inevitable that some such coarse caricature should be thus limned and transmitted to us. But it has lasted long enough. We believe, indeed, that by most persons it has already been dismissed and disowned. It may now be torn into shreds, and cast aside as utterly faithless.

Cromwell was a *genuine puritan*. There is no doubt of that. He was no youth when the war broke out, nor a man who had yet to seek his religious party or principles. As the farmer of St. Ives, we see him, as distinctly as if he still lived upon the earth, the man of fierce sectarian piety, in natural temper not unamiable, somewhat gloomy and hypochondriacal, but, above all, distinguished by whatsoever of good or ill the sort of Calvinistic divinity prevalent at the time could infuse into its professors. Such the war found him, and such he continued to be; throughout his whole career we never for a moment lose sight of "the saint," the title which, then as now, the profane world gave to this class of men.

* Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, with Elocutions by Thomas Carlyle; republished by Wiley and Putnam, New York.

Was Cromwell, then, always sincere in his utterance? was there no cant, no hypocrisy? Did he never conceal the ambition and domineering spirit of the soldier under the humility of the saint? Another matter quite. Because a man is religious in the main, it follows not that he is incapable of occasionally practising hypocrisy: he may lapse as well into this, as into any crime of the decalogue. Although we might find it difficult to put our finger exactly upon the spot, and say, Here speaks the hypocrite, we are not without suspicion that Cromwell was at times practising dissimulation. But if he dissembled, if he used with artifice the language of religion, it was no new and foreign disguise that he put on. He had but to draw the folds a little higher over his face of a robe that he had long worn in all times and seasons, and which was verily his own.

In common with almost all men who in times of civil broil have risen from a lowly station to great power, Cromwell had occasion, no doubt, at times for dissimulation. His religion, genuine as it was, would no more prevent him from the practice of this necessary craft than from the sanguinary deeds not more necessary to the triumph of his cause. Nay, it was precisely of that enthusiastic order which, in the most liberal manner, justifies the means for the end. Now, at a period when the saints were in the ascendant, dissimulation would unavoidably take a religious form, and when most deceiving men, or most faithfully addressing them, he would still color all his language with the same hue of piety. As, in an age of chivalry, the dissembler would have the boast of honor and the parade of knightly courtesy forever on his lips, so in these times of saintship he would lull the suspicions of men by a gross emblazony of religion. It might well happen, therefore, that such a man as Cromwell, working his way upward to the highest post of authority, would deal in much insincerity of phrase, and yet have "the root of the matter" in him. Indeed, nothing is more common in the world than this combination of genuine feelings of piety with a great abundance of cant, habitual or designed. It would betray a very slender knowledge of mankind, and none at all of what is called the religious world, to conclude that a man is destitute of sincere piety because he sometimes makes use of the language of religion for ulterior purposes not peculiarly pious.

It is to be observed, moreover, that to readers unfamiliar with the peculiarities of *professing* Christians, whether puritans or of other denomination, the expressions of humility and self-abasement which Cromwell frequently makes use of have appeared to be plain symptoms of hypocrisy. They are nothing but the habits of the sect. Such expressions are supposed to have been employed to blind men to his ambitious projects, to shelter him from the jealous scrutiny of rivals and superiors. Such a purpose they may have sometimes answered, and been intended to answer; but in the main they are nothing more nor less than the dialect of the tribe. Because humility is a Christian virtue, certain religious people have thought fit to indulge in a false vituperation of themselves. Striving avariciously after *all* virtues, however incompatible the one with the other, they counterfeit vice and meanness, that, good men as they are, they may have abundance of contrition. How far there can be Christianity or piety in an abuse and degradation of ourselves, when that abuse and degradation must be felt all along to be untrue—if any reflection whatever accompanies such language—we leave

such people to settle amongst themselves. Certain it is that the puritans excelled in this as in every other kindred extravagance. The elect of the Lord were fond of describing themselves as the most contemptible of sinners; the salt of the earth as being rottenness and corruption. It is to this habit of unmeaning self-disparagement that we are to attribute many of those phrases which have been thought in Cromwell to be studied artifices to cloak ambitious designs.

They are rife on all occasions, and their frequency and energy bear no relation to the supposed exigencies of his political career. Take the following instance. No man surely knew better than he, that at the conclusion of the civil war the army had become paramount. He could sometimes speak of this army with the natural pride of a soldier, with the full consciousness of the power it possessed, and had conferred on him; and yet, at other times, he would talk of this terrible force in the pining strain, in more than the drawl and drivel of the conventicle. As lord high protector, addressing his first parliament, he says—"I had the approbation of the officers of the army, in the three nations of England, Scotland, and Ireland. I say of the officers: I had that by their express remonstrances, and under signature. But there went along with that express consent of theirs, an implied consent also of a body of persons who had had somewhat to do in the world; who had been instrumental, by God, to fight down the enemies of God, and his people, in the three nations. And truly, until my hands were bound, and I was limited, (to my own great satisfaction, as many can bear me witness,) while I had in my hands so great a power and arbitrariness—the soldiery were a very considerable part of these nations, especially all government being dissolved. I say, when all government was thus dissolved, and nothing to keep things in order but the sword!" There can be no doubt of it—the soldiery were a very considerable part of the nation. But the lord high protector, in a speech he makes to his second parliament, referring to the very same period, narrating the very same events, can talk of this army as "a company of poor men," "your poor army," "those poor contemptible men." To attempt to detect any political motive for this absurd phraseology, would be a very idle speculation, mere waste of ingenuity: he was simply more in the puritanic vein in the one case than the other.

In his letters to the parliament, giving an account of his successes in the war, he generally concludes with some expression of this strained evangelical modesty, and seems very much afraid lest speaker Lenthall and other honorable members should attribute the victories he announces, in any measure to the army and the general who won them. He might be very sure, however, that, notwithstanding these self-renunciations, the parliament knew very well who was fighting their battles. Such a mode of speech would not endanger his reputation, nor diminish from his claims; might perhaps—though we will not say this was present to his thoughts—induce the parliament to presume that he would not insist on any very egregious reward for services he was so anxious to disclaim. We will quote one instance of this self-denying style; and perhaps the following passage contains altogether as much of a certain fanatical mode of reasoning as could be well found in so short a compass. Prince Rupert, then at Worcester, had sent two thousand men across the country, to his majesty at Oxford, to convoy his majesty's person and the artillery over to him at

Worcester. Cromwell attacked and routed this convoy; he also took Bletchington house. After giving an account of the transaction, he continues:—"This was the mercy of God; and nothing is more due than a real acknowledgment. And though I have had greater mercies, yet none clearer: because, in the first place, God brought them to our hands when we looked not for them; and delivered them out of our hands, when we laid a reasonable design to surprise them, and which we carefully endeavored. His mercy appears in this also, that I did much doubt the storming of the house, it being strong and well manned, and I having few dragoons, and this being not my business; and yet we got it. I hope you will pardon me if I say, God is not enough owned. *We look too much to men and visible helps: this hath much hindered our success.*" This from Oliver, who so well knew how "to keep his powder dry!" from Oliver, who, enthusiast himself, could yet shrewdly calculate on the military efficacy of enthusiasm, and set it down amongst the ways and means! Cant or not, it is sad stuff.

But, puritan as he was, we can admire Cromwell. Every great man, in whatever times, or in whatever part of the world he has made his appearance, has earned his title to fame and distinction, not by qualities peculiar to the sect or religion to which he may have belonged, but qualities which, though connected with his own especial faith or tenets, are recognized as the common property of mankind; he has been great, not as Catholic, as Puritan, as Pagan, as Mahometan, but as *man*; he has been great, because he was pious, brave, patriotic, sagacious, resolute, and has achieved great enterprises on the theatre of life. The greatness of Cromwell was indeed allied to puritanism, inasmuch as his mind grew up under this peculiar form of religion; but what we, and all posterity must admire in Cromwell, is by no means the puritan. His steadiness of purpose, his unshaken resolution, his military prowess, his eminent talent to govern and command, and his religious sense of duty to the Supreme, might all have existed under other modes of religion. In our admiration we entirely separate these qualities from that least gainly and least wholesome of the forms of Christian piety with which they are here found connected. History gives us examples of every kind of virtue, and every kind of talent, united with every species of fanaticism that has afflicted civilized life. It follows not that we applaud the fanaticism. The early caliphs were several of them distinguished by exalted virtues, temperance, self-denial, justice, patriotism: we praise these virtues, we acknowledge, too, that they are here linked with the profession of the faith of Islam; but for all this we do not admire the religion of Mahomet, nor that fanaticism which writ its texts upon the sword.

We insist upon this obvious distinction, because, whilst agreeing—to a certain extent—in Mr. Carlyle's view of the character of Cromwell, we beg not to be implicated in that esteem and reverence which he professes to entertain for puritanism, or the puritans as a body. And this brings us to the extraordinary part of Mr. Carlyle's performance—his ardent sympathy, nay his acquiescence with, and adherence to the puritans, to that point that he adopts their convictions, their feelings, and even some of their most grotesque reasonings. Their violence and ferocity, we were prepared to see Mr. Carlyle, in his own sardonic fashion, abet and encourage; his sympathy is always with the party

who strikes; but that he should identify himself with their mumming thoughts, their "plentiful reasons," their gloomiest superstitions, was what no one could have anticipated. On this subject we must quote his own words; our own would not be credited; they would seem to any one who had not read his work to be scandalous misrepresentations. The extravagance runs through the whole book, but we have it perhaps more concentrated in the Introduction.

This introduction, which we sat down to with keen expectations, disappointed us extremely, at least in those parts where any general views are taken. We feel, and have elsewhere ungrudgingly expressed, a certain admiration for the talents of Mr. Carlyle. We shall never forget the surprise and pleasure with which we read the "Sartor Resartus," as it one day burst suddenly and accidentally upon us; and no one who has once read his graphic and passionate history of the French revolution, can ever forget the vivid pictures that were there presented to him. We opened this book, therefore, with a sort of anticipatory relish. But we found very little of his genius, and very much of his extravagance; less of the one, and more of the other, than we thought could possibly have been brought together. Metaphors and allusions, already worn thread-bare, are introduced as stock phrases, as if he had inserted them in his dictionary of the English language. All his vices of manner are exaggerated, while the freshness of thought, which half excused them, is departed. These strange metaphors, these glaring colors, which are ready spread out upon his palette, he transfers with hasty profusion to his canvass, till—(as it has been said of Mr. Turner's pictures)—the canvass and the palette-plate very nearly resemble. But were it otherwise, were there all and more than the wit, and humor, and sarcasm, and pungent phrase, and graphic power, which may be found scattered through Mr. Carlyle's best performances, there is here a substratum of sheer and violent absurdity, which all these together would fail to disguise or compensate. Certainly there are pages of writing in this introduction which contain such an amount of extravagant assertion, uttered in such fantastic jargon, as we think could nowhere be paralleled. Dulness could never have attained to anything so extraordinary; and surely genius never before condescended to such workmanship.

"What and how great," thus commences the book, "are the interests which connect themselves with the hope that England may yet attain to some practical belief and understanding of its history during the seventeenth century, need not be insisted on at present, such hope being still very distant, very uncertain. We have wandered far away from the ideas which guided us in that century, and indeed which had guided us in all preceding centuries, but of which that century was the ultimate manifestation. We have wandered very far, and must endeavor to return and connect ourselves therewith again! It is with other feelings than those of poor peddling dilettantism, other aims than the writing of successful or unsuccessful publications, that an earnest man occupies himself in those dreary provinces of the dead and buried. The last glimpse of the godlike vanishing from this England; conviction and veracity giving place to hollow cant and formalism—antique 'Reign of God,' which all true men in their several dialects and modes have always striven for, giving place to the modern reign of the No-God, whom men name devil; this, in its multitudinous

meanings and results, is a sight to create reflections in the earnest man! One wishes there were a history of English Puritanism, *the last of all our heroisms*, but sees small prospect of such a thing at present."

Then beginning to quote himself, as his manner is, changing his voice and adopting another key, as if by this thin disguise to obtain somewhat more license for the wildness and vehemence of his speech—an artifice surely not necessary here—he thus continues:—

"'Few nobler heroisms,' says a well-known writer, long occupied on this subject, 'at bottom, perhaps, no nobler heroism, ever transacted itself on this earth; and it lies as good as lost to us, overwhelmed under such an avalanche of human stupidities as no heroism before ever did. Intrinsically and extrinsically it may be considered inaccessible to these generations. Intrinsically, the spiritual purport of it has become inconceivable, incredible to the modern mind. Extrinsically, the documents and records of it, scattered waste as a shoreless chaos, are not legible. They lie there printed, written, to the extent of tons of square miles, as shot-rubbish; unedited, unsorted, not so much as indexed; full of every conceivable confusion; yielding light to very few; yielding darkness, in several sorts, to very many.' * * * *"

"'This, then,' continues our impatient friend, 'is the Elysium we English have provided for our heroes! The Rushworthian Elysium. Dreariest continent of shot-rubbish the eye ever saw. Confusion piled on confusion to your utmost horizon's edge; obscure in lurid twilight as of the shadow of death; trackless, without index, without finger-post, or mark of any human forgoer; where your human footstep, if you are still human, echoes bodeful through the gaunt solitude, peopled only by somnambulant pedants, dilettants, and doleful creatures, by phantasms, errors, inconceivabilities, by nightmares, pasteboard norroys, griffins, wiverns, and chimeras dire! There, all vanquished, overwhelmed under such waste lumber mountains, the wreck and dead ashes of some six unbelieving generations, does the age of Cromwell and his puritans lie hidden from us. This is what we, for our share, have been able to accomplish towards keeping *our heroic ones* in memory.'"

After some further diatribe against all preceding historians, collectors, and editors, he drops his ventriloquism, and resuming a somewhat more natural voice, he proceeds:—

"Nay, in addition to the sad state of our historical books, and what indeed is fundamentally the cause and origin of that, our common spiritual notions, if any notion of ours may still deserve to be called spiritual, are fatal to a right understanding of that seventeenth century. *The Christian doctrines, which then dwelt alive in every heart, have now in a manner died out of all hearts*—very mournful to behold—and are not the guidance of this world any more. Nay, worse still, the cant of them does yet dwell alive with us, little doubting that it is cant, in which fatal intermediate state the eternal sacredness of this universe itself, of this human life itself, has fallen dark to the most of us, and we think that, too, a cant and a creed."

So!—as our honest German friend would exclaim, puffing from his mouth at the same time a huge volume of symbolic smoke. We have withdrawn it seems, from the path of light ever since the reign of the army and its godly officers established A. D. 1649. We must return and connect

ourselves therewith; it is our only salvation; though, indeed, if puritanism was the manifestation of the ideas of all preceding centuries—if the same current of thought can be traced from William the Conqueror to Oliver the conqueror—a very little ingenuity would suffice to trace the same ideas, the same current of thought, somewhat further still. But this reign of the puritanical army was really "the last glimpse of the godlike!"—it was "the reign of God!" and we live under the reign of—, psha! Why, he does not even give us a substantial devil, but coins a strange personification of a negative. Such was not the devil, by the way, at the time of "the noblest heroism ever transacted on the earth." Such a definition of the "roaring lion," would, in those days of light and happiness, have procured its author, at the very least, a trip to Barbadoes. Even Cromwell himself would have *Barbadoes*ed him.

"This last of our heroisms!" God grant it is the last! It is only out of another religious war that another such heroism can arise. If church and dissent should take up arms, and, instead of controversies carried on in pamphlets, upon tradition and white surplices, should blow out each other's brains with gunpowder, then Mr. Carlyle would see his "heroic ones" revive upon the earth.

"The Christian doctrines, which then dwelt alive in every heart, have now in a manner died out of all hearts." Only the cant of them dwells alive with us. The same clear-sighted author, who sees the Christian doctrines so beautifully and preëminently developed in the Ironsides of Cromwell, in the troopers of Lambert and Harrison, sacking, pillaging, slaughtering, and in all that tribe of men who ever shed blood the readier after prayer-time—men who had dropped from their memory Christ's own preaching, to fill their mouths with the curses which the Hebrew prophets had been permitted, under a past dispensation, to denounce against the enemies of Judea, who had constructed their theology out of the darkest parts of the New, and the most fearful portion of the Old Testament;—this same author, opening his eyes and ears upon his own day and generation, finds that Christianity has died out of all hearts, and its phraseology, as he expresses himself elsewhere, "become mournful to him when spouted as frothy cant from Exeter Hall."

If Mr. Carlyle would visit Exeter Hall, and carry there one tithe of the determination to approve, that he exhibits in favor of the puritan, he would find a Christian piety as sincere, as genuine, and far more humane, than his heroes of Naseby, or Dunbar, or Drogheda were acquainted with. He would see the descendants of his puritans, relieved, at least we may say, from the necessity of raising their psalm on the battle-field, indulging in none of the ferocities of our nature, assembling in numerous but peaceful meetings, raising annually, by a quiet but no contemptible sacrifice, their millions for the dissemination of gospel truth. But Mr. Carlyle would call this cant; he sees nothing good, or generous, or high-minded in any portion of the world in which he lives; he reserves his sympathies for the past—for the men of buckram and broadsword, who, on a question of church government, were always ready "to hew Agag to pieces," let Agag stand for who, or what number it might.

If there is one spectacle more odious than another of all which history presents to us, whether it take place amongst Mahometan or Christian, Catholic or Protestant, it is this:—to see men practising all the terrible brutalities of war, treading down their ene-

mies, doing all that rage and the worst passions prompt, and doing all amidst exclamations of piety, devout acknowledgments of submission to Divine will, and professions of gratitude to God. Other religious factions have committed far greater atrocities than the puritans, but nowhere in history is this same spectacle exhibited with more distasteful and sickening accompaniments. The Moslem thanked God upon his sword in at least a somewhat soldierly manner; and the Catholic, by the very pomp with which he chants his *Te Deum*, somewhat conceals the meaning of his act, and, keeping God a little out of sight, makes his mass express the natural feeling of a human triumph. But the sleek puritan, at once grovelling and presumptuous, mingles with his sanguinary mood all the morbid sickly conceit, all the crawling affected humility of the conventicle. All his bloodsheds are "mercies," and they are granted in answer to his long and miserable prayers—prayers which, to a man of rational piety, sound very much like blasphemies. He carries with him to the battle-field, to the siege, to the massacre, not one even of those generous feelings which war itself permits towards a foe. He chooses to call his enemy the enemy of God, and kneels before he fights, that the inexpressible mercy may be granted of cutting his throat!

"That the sense of difference between right and wrong," says Mr. Carlyle, "had filled all time and all space for man, and bodied itself forth into a heaven and hell for him—this constitutes the grand feature of those puritan, old-Christian ages; this is the element which stamps them as heroic, and has rendered their works great, manlike, fruitful to all generations." Quite on the contrary. The sense of right and wrong was obscured, confused, lost sight of, in the promptings of a presumptuous enthusiasm; and it is exactly *this* which constitutes the perilous characteristic of such men as the puritans and Cameronians, and similar sectaries. How can the sense of right and wrong keep its footing in an enthusiasm which has brought itself to believe that all its successes are a direct answer to its prayers! Success becomes the very measure of right and wrong. The two extremes of atheism and fanaticism have met; they may both dispense with conscience, and make the event the criterion of the deed. Hear how the pious heroes of Mr. Carlyle reason on one of the most solemn occasions of the civil war. The army is remonstrating with the parliament because it appeared slow to shed the blood of their conquered and captured king, and it actually speaks of the death of Charles "as appeasing the wrath of God" against that sovereign! and bids the parliament "sadly to consider, as men accountable to the Highest," how far an accommodation with the king, "when God hath given him so clearly into your power to do justice, can be just before God or good men." The power to do the act is full authority, is absolute command to do it. What other doctrine could a Caesar Borgia, or an Eccelino, the tyrant of Padua, desire to be governed, or rather to be manumitted by from all government!

The argument drawn from the success given to their cause, is perpetually in the mouth of Cromwell and of his puritans. It establishes, without a doubt, that they have used the sword justly, and are still further to use it. Every "mercy" of this kind is in answer to prayer. Basing-house, a private residence, cannot be sacked and plundered, and the inhabitants put to the sword, but the pious historian of the feat, Mr. Peters, adds, that it, and the like triumphs, were "answers to the prayers and tro-

phies of the faith of some of God's servants." When Greek meets Greek, when the Scottish covenanter encounters the English puritan, and the former, being worsted, finds out "that he had not so learned Christ as to hang the equity of a cause upon events," Cromwell answers, "Did not you solemnly appeal and pray! Did not we do so too? And ought not you and we to think, with fear and trembling, of the hand of the Great God, in this mighty and strange appearance of His, instead of slightly calling it an 'event'! Were not both your and our expectations renewed from time to time, whilst we waited upon God, to see which way He would manifest himself upon our appeals! And shall we, after all these our prayers, fastings, tears, expectations, and solemn appeals, call these bare 'events'! The Lord pity you."

Men prayed in those days! says Mr. Carlyle, "actually prayed! It was a capability old London and its preachers and populations had; to us the incrediblest." Beyond a doubt the puritans and the covenanters prayed, and in such a manner and at such a length, that the strange doctrine on which Southey has founded his "Curse of Kehama," of the essential and irresistible force of prayer, seems to have got mixed up with their Christianity.* But we do not think that the voice of prayer has quite died out amongst us. It is curious to observe what a vivid perception this author has for the historical past, and what a voluntary blindness and deafness for the actually present. It is a fact! he frequently exclaims, with all the energy of a discoverer—a fact! that men in these ages prayed, and had a religious faith. Our churches and chapels are not facts. The control—none the worse for being exercised without pike or musket—which the religious public, meeting in that very Exeter Hall, have over the measures of government, and all political transactions—is not a fact. Were he writing, some centuries hence, the history of this our age, he would detect these facts. What facts, indeed, might he not detect, and what exaggerated significance might he not give to them! Why, in those days, he might exclaim, in his enthusiasm, the very beggars in the street, in asking charity, poured God's blessing on you! It was a credible thing, in those days, God's blessing!—and men gave their money for it!

A passage in one of Cromwell's letters instances, in rather a touching manner, what school of piety this army of saints must have proved. At the battle of Marston Moor a Colonel Walton had lost his son. "He was a gallant young man, exceedingly gracious," and Cromwell, giving an account of his

* Take the following instance from the early and more moderate times of the revolution, and wherein the most staid and sober of this class of people is concerned. When Essex left London to march against the king, then at Oxford, he requested the assembly of divines to keep a fast for his success. Baillie informs us how it was celebrated. "We spent from nine to five graciously. After Dr. Twisse had begun with a brief prayer, Mr. Marshall prayed large two hours, most divinely confessing the sins of the members of the assembly in a wonderful, pathetic, and prudent way. After Mr. Arrow-smith preached an hour, then a psalm; thereafter Mr. Vines prayed near two hours, and Mr. Palmer preached an hour, and Mr. Seaman prayed near two hours, then a psalm; after Mr. Henderson brought them to a sweet conference of the heat confessed in the assembly, and other seen faults to be remedied, and the convenience to preach against all sects, especially anabaptists and antinomians. Dr. Twisse closed with a short prayer and blessing. God was so evidently in all this exercise that we expect certainly a blessing."—Baillie, quoted from *Lingard*.

death, in his consolatory letter to the father, writes thus—"A little after, he said, one thing lay upon his spirit. I asked him what that was. He told me it was that God had not suffered him to be any more the executioner of his enemies!"

But nothing disturbs the equanimity of our editor, or interrupts his flow of rapture over the fanaticism of these times, especially when expressed in the letters of Cromwell. Over the theological effusions which the general of the puritan army addresses, from his camp, to the Edinburgh clergy, Mr. Carlyle thus expatiates:—"Dryasdust, carrying his learned eye over these, and the like letters, finds them, of course, full of 'hypocrisy,' &c. Unfortunate Dryasdust! they are corruscations terrible as lightning, and beautiful as lightning, from the innermost temple of the human soul; intimations, still credible, of what a human soul does mean when it believes in the Highest—a thing poor Dryasdust never did, nor will do. The hapless generation that now reads these words ought to hold its peace when it has read them, and sink into unutterable reflections, not unmixed with tears, and some substitute for 'sackcloth and ashes,' if it liked. In its poor canting, sniffing, flimsy vocabulary, there is no word that can make any response to them. This man has a living God-inspired soul in him, not an enchanted artificial 'substitute for salt,' as our fashion is. They that have human eyes can look at him; they that have only owl-eyes need not."

And then follows something upon *light and lightning*. "As lightning is to light, so is a Cromwell to a Shakspeare. The light is beautifuller. Ah, yes; but, until by lightning and other fierce labor your foul chaos has become a world, you cannot have any light, or the smallest chance for any!" * * * "The melodious speaker is great, but the melodious worker is greater than he. Our time cannot speak at all, but only cant and sneer, and argumentatively jargon and recite the multiplication-table: neither, as yet, can it work, except at mere railroads and cotton-spinning. It will, apparently, return to chaos soon, and then more lightnings will be needed, lightning enough—to which Cromwell's was but a mild matter—to be followed by light, we may hope!"—by another Shakspeare, as the tenor of the passage would imply.

Strange jumble this of Cromwell and Shakspeare, of light and lightning! There is one species of light which we are often reminded of here; a certain fitful, flickering beam, which partakes indeed of a luminous nature, but which chooses its path forever over bottomless bog.

The sincerity of Oliver Cromwell, in these his letters and speeches, has been questioned and discussed; the sincerity of their present editor may become a question at least as difficult and perplexing. Is there any genuine conviction at the bottom of all this rant and raving? Our extravagant worshipper of the "old heathen" Goëthe, stands forth the champion and admirer of certain harsh, narrow-thoughted, impetuous sectaries, proclaims *them* the only "reformers" of the world; descends to their lowest prejudices, to their saddest bigotries, to their gloomy puerilities; arguing with them solemnly against the sinfulness of drinking healths, and quite fraternizing with them in all their animosity against popery and prelacy. What does he mean? Is it a case of conversion? Is it an outpouring merely, by a strange vent, of certain acrid humors? Is he honest, and in earnest? or is he making sport of those hapless Englishmen whom he pronounces "in human stupidity to have no fellow?"

Observers of a curious and speculative turn might perhaps, explain it thus:—Mr. Carlyle is evidently a writer of strong religious feelings. Marry, when he would exhibit them to the world, he is under the necessity of borrowing a creed from some one else. His own philosophy has nothing palpable enough for ordinary vision; nothing, as we remember, but vague infinities and eternities, with an "everlasting yes," and an "everlasting no." As the choice lay quite open to him, there was no reason why he should not select the very hottest creed he could anywhere find lying about in our history. From contemporaries it was not likely that he should borrow: he loves nothing, praises nothing, esteems nothing of this poor visible present; but it was an additional recommendation to the puritanic piety, that it had left a detestable memory behind it, and was in declared hostility with all contemporaneous ways of thinking. What could he better do, therefore, than borrow this old volcanic crater of puritanism, and pour out from it his religion and his anger upon a graceless world!

Others, not given to such refinements, would explain the phenomenon upon more ordinary principles, and reduce the enigma to a case merely of literary monomania. Mr. Carlyle, they would say, has been striving to understand these puritans till he has grown, for the time, to resemble them. In the effort to project his mind into their mind, he has overshot the mark; he has not been able yet to get his own mind back again. It is a case, they would say, of mere imagination. Could you bring Mr. Carlyle into contact with a live puritan, the charm would be instantly dispelled. If one of Harrison's troopers would but ask him to step aside with him, under a hedge, to wrestle for a blessing, or would kindly undertake to catechize him on some point of divinity—on that notion of his, for instance, of "right and wrong bodying themselves into hell and heaven,"—the alliance would be dissolved, not, perhaps, without violent rupture.

For ourselves, we sometimes think that Mr. Carlyle is in earnest. Men should be honest. One who talks so loudly about *faith*, ought to be sincere in his utterances to the public. At other times, the mummery becomes too violent, grows too "fast and furious," to permit us to believe that what we witness is the sane carriage of a sane man. At all events, we can but look on with calm surprise. If our philosopher will tuck his robe high up about his loins, and play the merry-andrew, if he will grimace, and paint thick, and hold dialogue with himself, who shall hinder him?—only we would rather not wear, on such an occasion, the docile aspect of admiring pupils; we prefer to stand aside, and look on with Mr. Dryasdust.

It is worthy of note, that however Mr. Carlyle extols his "heroic ones" in a body, Cromwell is the only individual that finds a good word throughout the work. Every one else, Hampden not excepted, is spoken of with slight and disparagement. Amongst all the "godlike," there is but one who finds favor in his sight—him, however, he never deserts—and the very parties who have before been applauded, in general terms, become the subjects of ridicule or castigation the moment they are seen in opposition to Cromwell.

To Cromwell, then, let us turn our attention. Him we also can admire. We admire his great practical sagacity, his eminent talents for war and for government, the moderation and the conscientiousness which, though a usurper and a zealot, he displayed in the use of power. He was, as we

have said, a genuine puritan. This must be understood, or no intelligible view of his character can be taken. It is not only hostility to his memory which has attributed to him a studied hypocrisy; the love of the marvellous has lent its aid. Such a supposition was thought to magnify his talents and his genius. It was more dramatic to make him the "honest Iago" of the piece. A French writer, M. Villemain, in his History of Cromwell, expresses this feeling very naively, and speaks of an hypocrisy "que l'histoire atteste, et qu'on ne saurait mettre en doute sans ôter quelque chose à l'idée de son génie; car les hommes verront toujours moins de grandeur dans un fanatique de bonne foi, que dans une ambition qui fait des enthousiastes. Cromwell mena les hommes par la prise qu'ils lui donnaient sur eux. *L'ambition seule lui inspira des crimes, qu'il fit exécuter par le fanatisme des autres.*" That he thus employed the spirit of the age without sharing it, is a theory which will not stand the light for a moment. Besides, it is not in this manner that history is transacted: we may all be puppets, if you will, upon the scene, but it is not in this fashion that any one man gets hold of the wires. The supposition, whatever honor it may do the genius of Cromwell, will do very little honor to the speculative genius of any writer who adopts it. But this is evident, that to whatever extent Cromwell shared the distempered feelings of a sectarian party, nothing ever clouded his penetration upon any affair of conduct, any question of means to an end. The hour never came that found him wanting. At every phase of the revolution he is there to lead, or control, or predominate over it.

Starting from this point of view—understanding him, in the first place, as the conscientious zealous puritan, and endeavoring to estimate, as the history proceeds, the modifications which the soldier and the general, and finally the protector, would induce upon this original substratum—the character of Cromwell becomes intelligible, and his conduct, in a measure, consistent. Whilst yet a private man, he had warmly espoused the extreme opinions of that religious party who looked on popery as anti-christ, and the church of England as little better than popery in disguise, as the same scarlet lady in a somewhat more modest attire. He was one of a class occasionally met with in the most quiet walks of life, men who torment their spirit on some public question till it becomes a personal grievance, or rather a corroding passion. What were bishops personally to him? He might have prayed, and expounded, and walked meditative in his fields, and left a public question to be decided by the movements, necessarily slow, of public opinion. But no; he was constituted quite otherwise. From a spiritual jurisdiction, claimed though not exercised over him, his soul revolted. And this hatred to prelacy, to any spiritual authority over him or his—this determination to be his own priest—is, if not the strongest, certainly the steadiest and most constant feeling that he manifests. We trace it throughout his whole career. The first thing we hear of him in the house of commons is a protest, a sort of ominous growl, against the promotion of some Arminian or semi-popish divine. "If these are the steps to church preferment, what are we to expect!" Almost the first glimpse we catch of him when he has taken arms, is as the captain of a troop entering some cathedral church, and bidding the surpliced priest, who was reading the liturgy, "to cease his fooling, and come down!" And throughout the letters which he addresses to the speaker

from the seat of war, he rarely omits the opportunity of hinting, that the soldiers are worthy of that religious liberty for which they have fought so well. "We pray you, own his people more and more; for they are the chariots and horsemen of Israel." And in one of his latest speeches, he describes it as the great "extremity" of past times, that men were not permitted to preach in public unless they were ordained.

A rooted animosity to prelatical or other spiritual domination, is the key-note of this "melodious worker," as Mr. Carlyle calls him. Cromwell entered the civil war provided with no theory or plan of civil government, animated with no republican zeal; it was not patriotism in any ordinary sense of the word, it was his controversy with the church of England that brought him on the field of battle. After fighting against episcopacy, he fought with equal zeal against presbyterianism; but against monarchy, or for the republic, he can hardly be said to have drawn the sword. We all applaud the sagacity which saw at once that the strongest antagonist to the honor and fidelity of the royalist, was to be found in the passion of the zealot. He enlisted his praying regiment. From that time the battle was won. But the cause was lost. What hope could there be for the cause of civil freedom, of constitutional rights, when the champion who won its victories was fanatical zeal, and the rage of theological controversy?

It is the glaring defect in Cromwell—a defect which he had in common with many others of his time—that he threw himself into a revolution having for its first object to remodel the civil government, animated only with the passions of the collateral controversy upon ecclesiastical government. He fought the battle which was to destroy the monarchy, without any fixed idea or desire for the republican government which must be its substitute. This was not the subject that had engaged his thoughts or inflamed his ardor. When, therefore, the royalists had been conquered, it is not at all surprising that he should have seen nothing but the difficulties in the way of forming a republic. At this point of his history some excuse for him may be drawn from the very defect we are noticing. His mind had dwelt on no theory of civil government—to the cause of the commonwealth his heart had never been pledged—and we can hardly call him, with justice, as Godwin does, a traitor to the republic. But, on the other hand, what a gap, what a void, does this disclose in the mind of our hero? What should we say of one who had plunged heart and soul into the French revolution, conducted only by his rage against the Roman Catholic hierarchy? Such a one, had he risen to take a leading part in that drama, might have acted with greater wisdom and moderation than ardent and patriotic men; the very absence of any political opinion or passion might have enabled him to see more clearly than others the position which they all occupied; but this would not justify or palliate the original error, the rash, exclusive, self-blinding zeal which had brought him into that position.

To the ecclesiastical controversy, Cromwell clings throughout with an utter recklessness of the fate of civil government. When episcopacy had been vanquished, and presbyterianism threatened to take its place, he was quite as willing to plunge the whole kingdom into confusion and anarchy in his opposition to this new enemy, as to the old. Those who would defend him from the charge of personal ambition—all who excuse his conduct at this period of

the history, put this plea upon record—and without a doubt his hostility to presbyterianism was a very great and leading motive with him in his opposition to the parliament, and his determination to prevent a reconciliation between the house and the king. When Charles was a prisoner at the Isle of Wight, it is well known that the parliament were anxious to come to some terms of reconciliation, and the concessions which he then made were voted to be “a sufficient ground for the future settlement of the kingdom.” Why did Cromwell interfere at this juncture between the two parties, in such a way as entirely to destroy both? His best public ground is his hostility to presbyterianism. And what was the presbytery, that to him it should be so distasteful, and an object of so great animosity? Its forms of worship, the doctrines preached by its divines, were exactly those he himself practised and approved. There were no altars here, no surplices, no traditions, no sympathies with Rome, no stealthy approximations to her detested idolatries. But there was a claim put forward to ecclesiastical supremacy, to ordain, and authorize, and control public preachers, which he could not tolerate; and if no other motive had existed, he was ready to oppose every settlement, at every risk, having for its object to establish a claim of this description.

We will open the Letters and Speeches of Cromwell at this period of the history, and present our readers with a specimen of his epistolary style, and one which will go far to show how little his mind was influenced, even at this great crisis, by anything which we should describe as political reasoning. Cromwell was a great *administrator*, but he had no vocation for speculative politics, and little attachment to forms of government. Framers of constitutions are not in repute at present; they have not covered themselves with applause, rather with confusion; and this defect in Cromwell's mind will probably be looked upon with great indulgence. Nevertheless, people who go to war to demolish an existing government, ought to have taken thought for a substitute; on *them* it is incumbent to have a political creed, and a constitution to set up. At this very moment when the question is no less, than whether the king should be put to death, and monarchy rooted out of the land—ay, and the parliament coerced, in order to effect these objects—our puritan general reasons—like a puritan and nothing better.

The following letter was addressed to Colonel Hammond, then governor of the Isle of Wight. The colonel had been distressed by his scruples at the extreme course the army was disposed to take, and had solicited this appointment to the Isle of Wight as a retreat from the scene of faction and violence. But it was precisely in this quiet little island that the king took refuge; his perplexities, therefore, were increased and not diminished. Cromwell writes to him to remove his scruples, and makes a characteristic allusion to this circumstance—*improves* it, as we should say.

We must apprise the reader, however, that it would be dangerous to form any opinion upon the religious sincerity or insincerity of Cromwell, upon extracts from his letters and speeches, or even upon any single letter or speech. From the incongruity we feel between the solemnity of the subject of religion, and the manner and occasion on which it is introduced, and from the use of certain expressions long since consecrated to ridicule, it is impossible for a modern reader, on falling upon some isolated passages, not to exclaim, that this is cant and hypocrisy! But when the whole

series, or the greater part of it, is read—when the same strain of thought and feeling, in season and out of season, is constantly observed—it is equally impossible not to feel persuaded that these letters and speeches body forth the genuine character of the man, and that the writer was verily a solemn and most serious person, in whom religious zeal was the last quality which needed reinforcement.

“DEAR ROBIN—No man rejoiceth more to see a line from thee than myself. I know thou hast long been under trial. Thou shalt be no loser by it. All things must work for the best.

“Thou desirest to hear of my experiences. I can tell thee, I am such a one as thou did formerly know, having a body of sin and death; but I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord, there is no condemnation though much infirmity; and I wait for the redemption. And in this poor condition I obtain mercy, and sweet consolation through the Spirit. And find abundant cause every day to exalt the Lord and abase flesh—and herein I have some exercise.

“As to outward dispensations, if we may so call them, we have not been without our share of beholding some remarkable providences and appearances of the Lord. His presence hath been amongst us, and by the light of his countenance we have prevailed (*alludes to the battle of Preston.*) We are sure the goodness of Him who dwelt in the bush has shined upon us; and we can humbly say, we know in whom we have believed; who can and will perfect what remaineth, and us also in doing what is well pleasing in His eye-sight.

“I find some trouble in your spirit, occasioned first not only by your sad and heavy burden, as you call it, but also by the dissatisfaction you take at the ways of some good men whom you love with your heart, who through the principle, that it is lawful for a lesser part, if in the right, to force a numerical majority, &c. &c.

“To the first: call not your burden sad or heavy. If your Father laid it on you, He intended neither. He is the Father of light, from whom comes every good and perfect gift; who of his own will begot us. * * * Dear Robin, our fleshly reasonings ensnare us. These make us say ‘heavy,’ ‘sad,’ ‘pleasant,’ ‘easy.’ Was there not a little of this when Robert Hammond, through dissatisfaction too, desired retirement from the army, and thought of quiet in the Isle of Wight? Did not God find him out there? I believe he will never forget this. And now I perceive he is to seek again; partly through his sad and heavy burden, and partly through his dissatisfaction with friends’ actings.

“Dear Robin, thou and I were never worthy to be door-keepers in this service. If thou wilt seek, seek to know the mind of God in all that chain of providence, whereby God brought thee thither, and that person (*the king*) to thee; how, before and since, God hath ordered him, and affairs concerning him; and then tell me, whether there be not some glorious and high meaning in all this, above what thou hast yet attained? And, laying aside thy fleshly reason, seek of the Lord to teach thee what that is; and he will do it. I dare be positive to say, it is not that the wicked should be exalted that God should so appear as indeed He hath done. For there is no peace to *them*. No; it is set upon the hearts of such as fear the Lord, and we have witness upon witness, that it shall go ill with them and their partakers.

“As to thy dissatisfaction with friends’ actings

upon that supposed principle—I wonder not at that. If a man take not his own burden well, he shall hardly others'; especially if involved by so near a relation of love and Christian brotherhood as thou art, I shall not take upon me to satisfy; but I hold myself bound to lay my thoughts before so dear a friend. The Lord do His own will.

"You say, 'God hath appointed authorities among the nations, to which active or passive obedience is to be yielded. This resides, in England, in the parliament. Therefore, active or passive resistance,' &c. &c.

"Authorities and powers are the ordinance of God. This or that species is of human institution, and limited some with larger, others with stricter bands, each one according to its constitution. But I do not therefore think that the authorities may do *anything*, and yet such obedience be due. All agree that there are cases in which it is lawful to resist. If so, your ground fails, and so likewise the inference. Indeed, dear Robin, not to multiply words, the query is—Whether ours be such a case? This, ingeniously, is the true question.

"To this I shall say nothing, though I could say very much; but only desire thee to see what thou findest in thy own heart, to two or three plain considerations. *First*, Whether *Salus populi* be a sound position? *Secondly*, Whether, in the way in hand, (*the parliamentary treaty with the king*), really and before the Lord, before whom conscience has to stand, this be provided for—or if the whole fruit of the war is not likely to be frustrated, and all most like to turn to what it was, and worse? And this contrary to engagements, explicit covenants with those who ventured their lives upon those covenants and engagements, without whom, perhaps in equity, relaxation ought not to be? *Thirdly*, Whether this army be not a lawful power, called by God to oppose and fight against the king upon some stated grounds; and being in power to such ends, may not oppose one name of authority, for those ends, as well as another name—since it was not the outward authority summoning them that by its power made the quarrel lawful, but the quarrel was lawful in itself? If so, it may be, acting will be justified in *foro humano*. But truly this kind of reasoning may be but fleshly, either with or against; only it is good to try what truth may be in them. And the Lord teach us.

"My dear friend, let us look into providences; surely they mean somewhat. They hang so together; have been so constant, so clear, unclouded. Malice, sworn malice against God's people, now called 'saints,' to root out their name;—and yet they these poor saints getting arms and therein blessed with defence and more! I desire he that is for a principle of suffering (*passive obedience*) would not too much slight this. I slight not him who is so minded; but let us beware lest fleshly reasoning see more safety in making use of this principle than in acting! Who acts, if he resolve not through God to be willing to part with all! Our hearts are very deceitful, on the right and on the left.

"What think you of providence disposing the hearts of so many of God's people this way—especially in this poor army, wherein the great God has vouchsafed to appear! I know not one officer but is on the increasing side (*come over to this opinion*.) * * *

"Thou mentionest somewhat as if by acting against such opposition as is like to be, there will be a tempting of God. Dear Robin, tempting of God ordinarily is either by acting presumptuously in

carual confidence, or in unbelief through diffidence: both these ways Israel tempted God in the wilderness, and He was grieved by them. Not the encountering of difficulties, therefore, makes us to tempt God; but the acting before and without faith. If the Lord have in any measure persuaded his people, as generally he hath, of the lawfulness, nay of the *duty*—this persuasion prevailing upon the heart is faith; and acting thereupon is acting in faith; and the more the difficulties are the more the faith. And it is most sweet that he who is not persuaded have patience towards them that are, and judge not; and this will free thee from the trouble of others' actings, which thou sayest adds to thy grief. * * *

"Robin, I have done. Ask we our hearts whether we think that after all these dispensations, the like to which many generations cannot afford, should end in so corrupt reasonings of good men, and should so hit the designs of bad? Thinkest thou in thy heart that the glorious dispensations of God point out to this? Or to teach his people to trust in Him and wait for better things—when, it may be, better are sealed to many of their spirits (*indubitably sure to many of them*.)

"This trouble I have been at because my soul loves thee, and I would not have thee swerve or lose any glorious opportunity the Lord puts into thy hand. The Lord be thy counsellor. Dear Robin, I rest thine,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

For ourselves, we cannot read this, and other letters breathing the same spirit, without being convinced that Cromwell fully shared in those fanatical sentiments which prompted the army to insist upon the king's death. A contemporary account, from which Mr. Carlyle, some pages before this letter occurs, has quoted largely, represents this chief of the puritans in exactly the same point of view. The officers of the army had made certain overtures to the king, certain efforts at a reconciliation, which had been fruitless; and which had been, moreover, attended with much division and contention amongst themselves. They had turned aside, it seems, from "that path of *simplicity* they had been blessed in, to walk in a *politic* path," and were, accordingly afflicted, "as the wages of their backsliding hearts," with tumults, and jealousies and divisions. But the godly officers, says the pious record of Adjutant Allen, met at *Windsor Castle*! "and there we spent one day together in prayer; inquiring into the causes of that sad dispensation. And, on the morrow, we met again in the morning; where many spake from the Word and prayed; and the then Lieutenant General Cromwell did press very earnestly on all there present, to a thorough consideration of our actions as an army, and of our ways particularly as private Christians; to see if any iniquity could be found in them; and what it was; that, if possible, he might find it out, and so remove the cause of such sad rebukes as were upon us, (by reason of our iniquities, as we judged,) at that time. And the way, more particularly, the Lord led us to herein was this: to look back and consider what time it was when, with joint satisfaction, we could last say, to the best of our judgments, The presence of the Lord was amongst us, and rebukes and judgments were not, as then, upon us. * * * By which means we were, by a gracious hand of the Lord, led to find out the very steps, (as were all there jointly convinced,) by which we had departed from the Lord,

and provoked him to depart from us, which we found to be those cursed carnal conferences, our own conceited wisdom, our fears, and want of faith, had prompted us, the year before, to entertain with the king and his party. And at this time, and on this occasion, did the then Major Goffe (as I remember was his title) make use of that good word, Proverbs 1st and 23d, *Turn you at my reproof; behold I will pour out my Spirit unto you, I will make known my words unto you.*" In fine, their "iniquities," their want of faith, their carnal conferences—that is to say, all desire for peace, all humanity, all moderation, all care for their country—were cast aside, and they came to the solitary, gloomy resolution, "That it is our duty to call Charles Stuart, that man of blood, to an account for that blood he had shed, and mischief he had done to his utmost, against the Lord's cause and people in these poor nations."

Let no one suppose that, because Cromwell, and other officers of the army, had been negotiating with the king, bidding for him, in fact, against the parliament, and offering terms such as it was mere infatuation upon his part not to accept, that they were, therefore, not sincere in this their fanaticism, which now so clearly told them they should be doing the express will of God in putting him to death. Those who have paid attention to this disease of the mind, know well, that while nothing is more violent at one moment, nothing is more flexible at another. Against the assaults of reason it is rock—it is adamant; but to self-interest, or a covert passion, it is often surprisingly ductile. The genuine fanatic is gifted with a power which will equally uphold him, whether he walks to the right or to the left, and lets him change his course as often as he will. He has a logic that is always triumphant—which proves him always in the right—whether he would advance or recede. Success—it is God's own sanction; failure—it is what you please—God's disapproval if you would retreat—a trial only of your faith, if you have the heart to advance. In the present case, our pious army, having found it impossible to treat with the king, has but to spend "its day in prayer," and its fierce zeal resumes its former channel with greater violence than ever. It has been led astray, it finds, by carnal reasonings and sinful weakness; and, rushing back to its old "path of simplicity," it raises the cry of death!

This account, which Adjutant Allen gives of diseased piety and perilous fanaticism, Mr. Carlyle accompanies with interjections of applause, and cheers of encouragement. To him, also, it seems quite fit that the army should return to its path of "simplicity." The king must die.

How little, up to the very last, did that unfortunate monarch know of the terrible spirit of those enemies into whose hands he had fallen! He saw himself necessary to the tranquillization and stable government of a nation still imbued with the love of monarchy, he therefore thought himself and the monarchy were safe; he knew not that he was contending with men who, when they rose to their high "heroic" mood, had a supreme contempt for all considerations touching mere human polity—the mere peace and government of mankind. He trusted much to the sacredness of royalty, the majesty of the purple, the divinity of a king; he was delivered over to the power of enemies, whose glory it was to tread down the glories of the world; who, so far from finding any sacredness in his royalty, had classed him amongst all the wicked kings of the

Old Testament, sentenced to be exterminated with the idolatry they fostered, and with whom the very audacity and fearful temerity of the deed (if this at all affected them) would add only to its merit. Unfortunate monarch! The tide of sympathy runs now against him, but we confess still to retain our compassion for the fallen prince—our compassion, very little, it may be, of admiration. We see him contending against fearful odds, keeping up a high and kingly spirit to the last. So far he braved it nobly, and played a desperate game, if not wisely, yet with unshaken nerves. His character, without a doubt, bears, as Lingard writes, "the taint of duplicity." But it was a duplicity which, in his father's court, would have been chuckled over as good practice of state-craft. We are strangely fashioned—kings, and all of us—made up of fragments of virtue, ill-assorted parcels of morality. Charles, when he had given his parole of honor, would not escape from his imprisonment in the Isle of Wight, though the means of escape were offered to him. But the wily and diplomatic monarch thought he was entitling himself to the praise of all men of spirit and intelligence, when, by fallacious promises and protestations, he strove to play off one party of his enemies against the other. He was practising, to the best of his ability, all the traditional maxims and manoeuvres of a subtle policy. Nor was it ability that he wanted. On an Italian soil, these Italian arts might have availed him. But what were the sleights and contrivances of a traditional state-craft against the rude storm of tumultuous passions which had been conjured up around him! He was fencing with the whirlwind. Perhaps no prince, trained in a court, can be a match for the rude adversaries which revolutionary times raise up against him. What chance is there that he should ever learn the nature of his new and terrible enemy! You have taught him, according to all the laws of wood-craft, to chase the stag and the fox, and now you let loose upon him the wild beast of the forest! How was Charles to learn what manner of being was a puritan, and how it struck its prey! His courtiers would have taught him to despise and ridicule—his bishops to look askance with solemn aversion—but who was there to teach him to fear this puritan!—to teach him that he must forthwith conciliate, if he could not crush!

It is worth while to continue the narrative a little further. We adopt Mr. Carlyle's words. "At London, matters are coming rapidly to a crisis. The resumed debate, 'shall the army remonstrance be taken into consideration?' does not come out affirmative; on the contrary, on Thursday the 31st, it comes out negative by a majority of ninety. 'No, we will not take it into consideration.' 'No!' The army at Windsor thereupon spends again 'a day in prayer.' The army at Windsor has decided on the morrow, that it will march to London; marches, arrives accordingly, on Saturday, December 2d; quarters itself in Whitehall, in St. James', 'and other great vacant houses in the skirts of the city and villages about, no offence being given anywhere.' In the drama of modern history, one knows not any graver, more note-worthy scene; earnest as very death and judgment. They have decided to have justice, these men; to see God's justice done, and his judgments executed on this earth."

Adjutant Allen and Mr. Carlyle are both of the same mind—take the same views of public matters, political and religious. But the adjutant himself

would open great eyes at the sentence which next follows:—

"The abysses where the thunders and splendors are bred—the reader sees them again laid bare and black. Madness lying close to the wisdom which is brightest and highest; and owls and godless men who hate the lightning and the light, and love the mephitic dusk and darkness, are no judges of the actions of heroes! Shedders of blood! Yes, blood is occasionally shed. The healing surgeon, the sacrificial priest, the august judge, pronouncer of God's oracles to man, these and the atrocious murderer are alike shedders of blood; and it is an owl's eye, that, except for the dresses they wear, discerns no difference in these! Let us leave the owl to his hootings; let us get on with our chronology and swift course of events."

By forcibly expelling more than one hundred of the members of parliament, and thus converting a minority into a majority, these "sacrificial priests" contrived to accomplish their very righteous act. In the face of raving such as this, it would be absurd to enter seriously upon any consideration, moral or political, touching the king's death. We would rather that Mr. Carlyle occupied the field alone. We saw him just now dealing with his "abysses," and his "lightning;" we quote his concluding comment on this event, which will present a specimen of his more facetious style of eloquence, and the singular *taste* he is capable of displaying:—

"This action of the English regicides did in effect strike a damp like death through the heart of *flunkeyism* universally in this world. Whereof flunkeyism, cant, cloth-worship, or whatever ugly name it have, has gone about incurably sick ever since; and is now at length, in these generations, very rapidly dying. The like of which action will not be needed for a thousand years again. Needed, alas! not till a new genuine hero-worship has arisen, has perfected itself; and had time to degenerate into a flunkeyism and cloth-worship again! which I take to be a very long date indeed.

"Thus ends the second civil war; in regicide, in a commonwealth, and keepers of the liberties of England: in punishment of delinquents, in abolition of cobwebs;—if it be possible, in a government of heroism and veracity; at lowest of anti-flunkeyism, anti-cant, and the endeavor after heroism and veracity."

Flunkeyism! Such is the title which our *many-sided* man thinks fit to bestow on the loyalty of England! But serious indignation would be out of place. A buffoon expression has this advantage, it is unanswerable. Yet will we venture to say, that it is a losing game this which you are playing, Mr. Carlyle, this defiance of all common sense and all good taste. There is a respectability other than that which, in the unwearied love of one poor jest, you delight to call "gig respectability," a respectability based on intelligence and not on "Long-Acre springs," whose disesteem it cannot be wise to provoke, nor very pleasant to endure.

The commonwealth is proclaimed by sound of trumpet. The king and the lords are cashiered and dismissed. A house of representatives and a council of state form the constitution of England. Cromwell is one of the council. But for the present the war in Ireland carries him away from the scene of politics.

On this Irish campaign, Mr. Carlyle breaks out, as may be supposed, in a strain of exultation. He always warms at blood and battle. His piety, or

his poetry—not admirable whichever it may be—glows here to a red heat. We are as little disposed perhaps as himself, to stand "shrieking out" over the military severities of this campaign, but if we could bring ourselves to believe that Mr. Carlyle is really serious in what he writes, we should say that the most impracticable maudlin of peace societies, or "Rousseau-sentimentalism," were wisdom itself compared to his own outrageous and fanatical strain. If the apologist of Cromwell will be content to rest his case on the plain ground open to all generals and captains on whom has devolved the task of subjecting a rebellious and insurrectionary country—on the plain ground that the object is to be more speedily effected, and with less bloodshed and misery to the inhabitants, by carrying on the war at the commencement with the utmost severity, (thus breaking down at once the spirit of insurrection,) than by prolonging the contest through an exercise of leniency and forbearance—we are not aware that any decisive answer can be given to him. It is an awful piece of surgery to contemplate—one may be excused, if one shudders both at it and the operator—but, nevertheless, it may have been the wisest course to pursue. As a general rule, every one will admit that—if war there must be—it is better that it should be short and violent, than long and indecisive; for there is nothing so mischievous, so destructive of the industry and moral character of a people, as a war which, so to speak, *domesticates* itself amongst them. Put aside "the saint" entirely—let us see only the soldier—and Cromwell's campaign in Ireland may present nothing more terrible than what elsewhere, and in the campaigns of other generals, we are accustomed to regard as the necessary evils of war; nothing more than what a Turenne, a Condé, or a Frederic of Prussia, might have applauded or practised. But this is precisely the last thing our editor would be disposed to do; any so common-place and common-sense view of the matter would have been utterly distasteful; he *does* bring the saint very prominently upon the field, and we are to recognize in Cromwell—"an armed soldier, terrible as Death, relentless as Doom; doing God's judgments on the enemies of God!"

"It is a phenomenon," he continues, "not of joyful nature; no, but of awful, to be looked at with pious terror and awe. Not a phenomenon which you are taught to recognize with bright smiles, and fall in love with at sight:—thou, art thou worthy to love such a thing; worthy to do other than hate it, and shriek over it? Darest thou wed the heaven's lightning, then; and say to it, Godlike One! Is thy own life beautiful and terrible to thee; steeped in the eternal depths, in the eternal splendors?"—(Vol. ii., p. 53.)

In the despatch which Cromwell addresses to the speaker, Lenthall, after the storm of Tredah, otherwise Drogheda, we observe that the puritan is as strong as ever, but that the soldier and the great captain speak out with increased boldness. Our sectarian farmer of St. Ives, who brooded, by the dark waters of the Ouse, over the wickedness of surpliced prelacy, whose unemployed spirit sank at times into hypochondria, and was afflicted with "strange fancies about the town-cross," has been moving for some time in the very busiest scene the world could furnish him, and has become the great general of his age. The spirit of the "big wars" has entered, and grown up side by side with his puritanism. The ardor of the battle fully possesses him; he is the conqueror always in the tremendous

charge he makes at the head of his Ironsides; and he lets appear, notwithstanding his self-denying style, a consciousness and a triumph in his own skill as a tactician. He is still the genuine puritan; but the arduous life, the administrative duties of a soldier and a general, have also been busy in modifying his character, and calling forth and exercising that self-confidence, which he will by and by recognize as "faith" and the leading of Providence, when he assumes the place of dictator of his country.

From one passage in this despatch it would appear that his severity at the storm of Drogheda was not wholly the result of predetermined policy, but rose, in part, from the natural passion which the sword, and the desperate struggle for life, call forth.

"Divers of the enemy retreated into the Mill-Mount, a place very strong and of difficult access. The governor, Sir Arthur Ashton, and divers considerable officers being there, our men getting up to them, were ordered by me to put them all to the sword. And, indeed, being in the heat of action, I forbade them to spare any that were in arms in the town; and, I think, that night they put to the sword about 2000 men; divers of the officers and soldiers being fled over the bridge into the other part of the town, where about 100 of them possessed St. Peter's church steeple, some the west gate, and others a strong round tower next the gate called St. Sunday's. These being summoned to yield to mercy, refused; whereupon I ordered the steeple of St. Peter's church to be fired, when one of them was heard to say in the midst of the flames, 'God damn me, God confound me! I burn, I burn!'"

In the same despatch there is rather a noticeable passage, which illustrates the manner in which the puritan general was accustomed to regard the Roman Catholics and their worship. There may be some who have been so far deceived by the frequent use of the terms "religious toleration" in conjunction with the name of Cromwell, as to attribute to him a portion of that liberal spirit which is the greatest boast of cultivated minds in the present century. His religious toleration extended only to the small circle of sects whose Christian doctrine, whose preaching, and whose forms of worship were almost identical; it was just the same toleration that a Baptist dissenter of our day may be supposed to extend towards an Independent dissenter, or a member of the Countess of Huntingdon's connection. The Independents differed from the Presbyterians in no one definite article of creed, with this exception—that they set no value upon *ordination*, and violently objected to the restraining any good man from public preaching, or any of the ministrations of a pastor, because he wanted this authorization of a visible church. For this point of "religious freedom" (an expression which in their mouths has little other than this narrow signification) they had to contend with the Presbyterians. The sect which has to resist oppression, or the restraints of power, uses, of course, the language of toleration. The Independents used it in their controversy with the Presbyterians, just as the latter had employed it in their controversy with Episcopacy. But Independents and Presbyterians were alike intolerant of the Episcopalian or the Roman Catholic. All sects of that age preached toleration when a powerful adversary was to be deprecat—preached it then, and then only. The Independents coming last upon the field, preached it last; but they have

no title beyond others to the spirit of toleration. Cromwell put down the mass as he would put down a rebellion—as openly, as decidedly, as rigorously.

"It is remarkable," continued the despatch, "that these people, at the first, set up the mass in some places of the town that had been monasteries; but afterwards grew so insolent, that, the last Lord's day before the storm, the Protestants were thrust out of the great church called St. Peter's, and they had public mass there; and in this very place near 1000 of them (*the Catholics—a clear judgment*) were put to the sword, fleeing thither for safety. I believe all their friars were knocked on the head promiscuously but two; the one of which was Father Peter Taaff, brother to the Lord Taaff, whom the soldiers took the next day and made an end of. The other was taken in the round tower, under the repute (*the disguise*) of a lieutenant, and when he understood that the officers in that tower had no quarter, he confessed he was a friar; but that did not save him."

Ireland was no sooner subjected by this unflinching and terrific severity, than the presence of the great general of the commonwealth was needed in Scotland. The Scots had no predilection for a republic, no desire whatever for it; they were bent solely on their covenant, their covenant and a Stuart king. It was a combination very difficult to achieve. Nevertheless they took their oath to both, and marched into England to establish them both over the United Kingdom. Here was sufficient enthusiasm at all events; sufficient, and of the proper kind, one would think, to earn the sympathies of our editor. And he does look upon the Scots at this time as an "heroic nation." But, unfortunately, it is precisely the heroic nation that his own great hero is about to combat and subdue. He is compelled, therefore, upon his part, as the faithful bard and minstrel of his chosen champion, to give them up—them, and their covenant, and Stuart king—to merciless sarcasm. Indeed, he tells us, that the great, the sole fault of the Scots, was precisely this—that they did not produce a Cromwell. "With Oliver born Scotch," he says or sings, "one sees not but the whole world might have become puritan!"

However, he launches his puritan hero against the godly and heroic nation with full sound of trumpet, not unmingled with a certain vague and solemn voice of prophecy.

"In such spirit goes Oliver to the wars—a god-intoxicated man, as Novalis elsewhere phrases it. I have asked myself, if anywhere in modern European history, or even in ancient Asiatic, there was found a man practising this mean world's affairs with a heart more filled by the idea of the Highest? Bathed in the eternal splendors—it is so he walks our dim earth; this man is one of few. He is projected with a terrible force out of the eternities, and in the times and their arenas there is nothing that can withstand him. It is great; to us it is tragic; a thing that should strike us dumb! My brave one, thy old noble prophecy is divine; older than Hebrew David; old as the origin of man; and shall, though in wider ways than those supposed, be fulfilled."—(P. 172.)

We feel no disposition to follow Cromwell to the Scottish wars, though "bathed in the eternal splendors." We hardly know of anything in history to our taste more odious than this war between the Scottish covenanters and the English puritan; the one praying clamorously for victory against "a

blaspheming general and a sectarian army;" the other animating his battle with a psalm, and charging with a "Lord, arise! and let thy enemies be scattered," or some such exclamation. Both generals, in the intervals of actual war, sermonize each other, and with much the same spirit that they fight. Their diplomacy is a tangled preachment, and texts are their war-cries. Meanwhile, both are fighting for the gospel of Christ! only one will have it *with*, the other *without* the covenant! Such "eternal splendors" are not inviting to us. We will step on at once to the battle of Worcester, which concluded both the Scottish war, and all hopes for the present of the royalist party.

This last of his battles and his victories dismisses the great puritan from the wars. It is a striking despatch which he writes from the field of Worcester. He is still the unmitigated puritan; he still preaches to Speaker Lenthall, but he preaches somewhat more dogmatically. There is an air of authority in the sermon. We all know that godly exhortation may be made to express almost every shade of human passion; as what son and what wife has not felt who has lived under the dominion and discourse of one of these "rulers in Israel." The parliament felt, no doubt, the difference between the sermons of their general and those of their chaplain.

Cromwell and the army returned to London. It is now that the commonwealth is to be really put upon its trial. Hitherto the army, that had made and could unmake it, had been occupied first in Ireland, then in Scotland; and the minds of people at home had been equally occupied in watching its achievements. The commonwealth has lived upon the expectations of men. It has been itself an expectation. It is now to be perfected, its organization to be completed, its authority established.

But Cromwell was not a Washington. Not only did he want that serene and steady virtue which counselled the champion of American independence to retire into the ranks of the constitution—commander in the field, private soldier in the city—not only did he fail in this civic virtue, and found it hard to resign the sway and authority he had so long exercised; but the inestimable advantages of a constitutional government his mind had not been cultivated to appreciate. His thoughts had hitherto taken another direction. His speculative habits theology had moulded; his active habits had been formed in the camp. He felt that he could administer the government better than any of the men around him; we will give him credit, too, for the full intention to administer it conscientiously, and for the good of the nation; but for those enlarged views of the more enlightened patriot, who is solicitous to provide not alone for the present necessities, but for the future long life of a people—he had them not. He grew afterwards into the statesman, as he had grown into the soldier; but at this time the puritan general had very little respect for human institutions.

We are far from asserting, that even with the assistance of Cromwell a republic could have been established in England. But he lent no helping hand; his great abilities, his fervent zeal, were never employed in this service. He kept aloof—aloof with the army. He gathered himself to his full height, standing amidst the ruins of the civil war; all men might see that he alone kept his footing there. When the unhappy parliament, struggled with its cruel embarrassments, not knowing how to dissolve itself with safety, had brought down

on it the impatience, the distrust, the contempt of men—when he had allowed its members to reap the full harvest of a people's jealousies and suspicions—when at length they were on the point of extricating themselves by a bill determining the mode of electing a successor—then he interfered, and dissolved them!

A question may be raised, how far Cromwell had the power, if such had been his wish, to take over the army to the side of the parliament, to lead it into due allegiance to the commonwealth. The officers of the army and the members of the parliament formed the two rival powers in the kingdom. Cromwell, it may be said, *could* not have united them, could only make his choice between them. It would have been only a fraction of the army that he could have carried over with him. The division between the council of officers and the parliament was too wide, the alienation too confirmed and inveterate, to have been healed by one man, or yielded to the influence of one man, though it was the lord general himself. Thus, it may be said that Cromwell, in the part he acted against the Long Parliament, was thrust forward by a revolutionary movement which, according to the law of such movements must either have carried him forward in the van, or left him deserted or down-trodden in the rear.

This would be no flattering excuse. But whatever truth there may be in this view of the case, Cromwell never manifested any intention or any desire to quit the cause of the army for that of the parliament. He was heart and soul with the army; it was there his power lay; it was there he found the spirits he most sympathized with. He walked at the head of the army here as in the war. It was alone that he entered the house of parliament—alone "in his gray stockings and black coat," with no staff of officers about him, no military parade, only a few of his Ironsides in the lobby. Though aware he should have the support of his officers, there is no proof that he had consulted them. The daring deed was *his*. And it is one of the most daring deeds on record. The execution of the king—in that day when kings were something more in the imagination of men than they are now—was indeed an audacious act. But it was shared with others. This dissolution of the parliament, and assumption of the dictatorship—this facing alone all his old compeers, met in due legislative dignity, and bidding them one and all depart—strikes us as the boldest deed.

The scene has been often described, but nowhere so well, or so fully, as by Mr. Carlyle. We cannot resist the pleasure of quoting his spirited account of this notable transaction.

"The parliament sitting as usual, and being in debate upon the bill, which it was thought would have been passed that day, 'the Lord General Cromwell came into the house, clad in plain black clothes and gray worsted stockings, and sat down, as he used to do, in an ordinary place.' For some time he listens to this interesting debate on the bill, beckoning once to Harrison, who came over to him, and answered dubitantly. Whereupon the lord general sat still for about a quarter of an hour longer. But now the question being to be put, That this bill do now pass, he beckons again to Harrison, says, 'This is the time; I must do it!' and so 'rose up, put off his hat, and spake. At the first, and for a good while, he spake to the commendation of the parliament, for their pains and care of the public good; but afterwards he changed his style, told them of their injustice, delays of justice, self-interest, and other faults,' rising higher and higher into

a very aggravated style indeed. An honorable member, Sir Peter Wentworth by name, not known to my readers, and by me better known than trusted, rises to order, as we phrase it; says, 'It is a strange language this; unusual within the walls of parliament this! And from a trusted servant, too; and one whom we have so highly honored; and one—' 'Come, come,' exclaims my lord general, in a very high key, 'we have had enough of this'—and in fact my lord general, now blazing all up into clear conflagration, exclaims, 'I will put an end to your prating,' and steps forth into the floor of the house, and 'clapping on his hat,' and occasionally 'stamping the floor with his feet,' begins a discourse which no man can report! He says—Heavens! he is heard saying: 'It is not fit that you should sit here any longer!' 'You have sat too long here for any good you have been doing lately; you shall now give place to better men! Call them in!' adds he, briefly, to Harrison, in way of command; and some 'twenty or thirty' grim musketeers enter with bullets in their snaphances; grimly prompt for orders; and stand in some attitude of carry arms there. Veteran men; men of might and men of war, their faces are as the faces of lions, and their feet are swift as the roes upon the mountains; not beautiful to honorable gentlemen at this moment!

"'You call yourselves a parliament,' continues my lord general, in clear blaze of conflagration. 'You are no parliament! Some of you are drunkards,' and his eye flashes on poor Mr. Chalmer, an official man of some value, addicted to the bottle; 'some of you are'—and he glares into Henry Martin and the poor Sir Peter, who rose to order, lewd livers both—'living in open contempt of God's commandments. Following your own greedy appetites, and the devil's commandments. Corrupt, unjust persons,' and here I think he glanced 'at Sir Bulstrode Whitlocke, one of the commissioners of the great seal, giving him and others very sharp language, though he named them not.' 'Corrupt, unjust persons, scandalous to the profession of the gospel;' how can you be a parliament for God's people! Depart, I say, and let us have done with you. In the name of God—go!

"The house is of course all on its feet—uncertain, almost, whether not on its head; such a scene as was never seen before in any house of commons. History reports with a shudder that my lord general, lifting the sacred mace itself, said, 'What shall we do with this bauble! Take it away!'—and gave it to a musketeer. And now—'Fetch him down!' says he to Harrison, flashing on the speaker. Speaker Lenthall, more an ancient Roman than anything else, declares, He will not come till forced. 'Sir,' said Harrison, 'I will lend you a hand;' on which Speaker Lenthall came down, and gloomily vanished. They all vanished; flooding gloomily, clamorously out, to their ulterior businesses, and respective places of abode; the Long Parliament is dissolved! 'It's you that have forced me to this,' exclaims my lord general. 'I have sought the Lord night and day, that He would rather slay me than put me upon the doing of this work.' 'At their going out, some say the lord general said to young Sir Harry Vane, calling him by his name, that he might have prevented this; but that he was a juggler, and had not common honesty.' 'O Sir Harry Vane,' thou, with thy subtle casuistries and abstruse hair-splittings, thou art other than a good one, I think! 'The Lord deliver me from thee, Sir Harry Vane!' 'All be-

ing gone out, the door of the house was locked, and the key, with the mace, as I heard, was carried away by Colonel Otley,' and it is all over, and the unspeakable catastrophe has come, and remains."—(Vol. ii., p. 361.)

The usurpation of Cromwell is, we believe, generally considered as the most fortunate event which, under the peculiar circumstances of the country, could have occurred. The people, it is said, were not prepared for a republic. The attempt, therefore, to establish one, would have been attended by incessant tumults; its short and precarious existence would have been supported by the scaffold and the prison. It would have terminated indeed, as did the protectorate, in a restoration, but the interval between the death of Charles I. and the accession of his son, would have been passed in a very different manner. Under the protectorate the country rallied its strength, put forth its naval power, obtained peace at home, and respect abroad. Under a republic, it would have probably spent its force, and demoralized itself, in intestine strife and by a succession of revolutionary movements.

But if this view be quite correct, it will not justify Cromwell. It is one thing to be satisfied with the course of events, quite another with the conduct of the several agents in them. Cromwell, in the position in which he stood, as an honest man and a patriot, should have done his best for the establishment of the commonwealth; and this he did not. We are far, as we have said, from venturing to give a decisive opinion on the probability (with the united efforts of the victorious general and the parliament) of forming a republic. But we are not disposed to think that the cause was hopeless. Had the parliament been allowed to recruit its numbers without dissolving itself—the measure which it constantly desired, and which Cromwell would not hear of, though, without a doubt, it was the very line of conduct which his own practical sagacity would have led him to, if his heart had been in the business—the minds of men would have had time to settle and reflect, and a mode of government, which had already existed for some years, might have been adopted by the general consent.

We look upon the restoration very calmly, very satisfactorily, for whom a second revolution has placed another dynasty upon the throne, governing upon principles quite different from those which were rooted in the Stuarts. We see the restoration, with the revolution of 1688 at its back, and almost consider them as one event. But a most loyal and contented subject of Queen Victoria, would have been a commonwealths-man in those days. How could it then have been foreseen that all the power, and privilege, and splendor of royalty, should exist only to *protect* the law, to secure the equal rights of all—that monarchy, retaining a traditional awe and majesty derived from remote times, should remain amongst us to supply to a representative government that powerful, constant, and impartial executive which, from the mere elements of a republic, it is so difficult to extract! Who could have imagined that a popular legislature and the supremacy of the law, could have been so fortunately combined and secured under the shadow of the monarchy? Enlightened minds at that time could not have looked calmly towards a restoration; they probably thought, or would have been led to think, that, in the position they then were, it was better to take the constitution of Holland, than the government of France, for their model.

But the multitude—with what enthusiasm they

welcomed the restoration of the Stuarts! Very true. But the protectorate was no antagonist to monarchy. Republican pride was never called forth to contend in the public mind against the feeling of loyalty, and an attachment to kings. The protectorate was itself a monarchy without its splendor, or the prestige of hereditary greatness. It was a monarchy under a Geneva gown. Was it likely that the populace would accept of this in lieu of the crowned and jewelled royalty which was wont to fill its imagination?

However, the experiment—fortunately for us, as the result has turned out—was never destined to be made. Cromwell dissolved the Long Parliament. He now stood alone, he and the army, the sole power in the state. His first measure, that of sending a summons in his own name, to persons of his own choice, and thus, without any popular election whatever, assembling what is called the Little Parliament, or Barebones Parliament, shows a singular audacity, and proves how little trammelled he was himself by traditionary or constitutional maxims. He who would not allow the Long Parliament to recruit its numbers, and thus escape the perils of a free election of an altogether new assembly, extricates himself from the same embarrassment by electing the whole parliament himself. Some historians have represented this measure as having for its very object to create additional confusion, and render himself, and his own dictatorial power, more necessary to the state. It has not appeared to us in this light. We see in it a bold but rude assay at government. In this off-hand manner of constituting a parliament, we detect the mingled daring of the puritan and the soldier. In neither of these characters was he likely to have much respect for legal maxims, or rules of merely human contrivance. Cromwell was educating himself for the statesman; at this juncture it is the puritan general that we have before us.

The Little Parliament having blundered on till it had got itself entangled in the Mosaic dispensation, resigned its power into the hands of him who had bestowed it. Thereupon a new *instrument of government* is framed, with the advice of the council of officers, appointing Cromwell protector, and providing for the election of a parliament.

This parliament being elected, falls, of course, on the discussion of this very instrument of government. Henceforth Cromwell's great difficulty is the management of his parliaments. The speeches he delivered to them at various times, and which occupy the third volume of the work before us, are of high historical interest. They are in every respect superior to his letters. Neither will their perusal be found to be of that arduous and painful nature which, from the reputation they have had, most persons will be disposed to expect. The *sermon* may weary, but the *speech* is always fraught with meaning; and the mixture of sermon and speech together, portray the man with singular distinctness. We see the puritan divine, the puritan soldier, becoming the puritan statesman. His originally powerful mind is excited to fresh exertion by his onerous and exalted position. But he is still constant to himself. Very interesting is the exhibition presented to us of this powerful intellect, trammelled by its puritanism, breaking out in flashes of strong sense, and relapsing again into the puerilities of the sect. But as it falls upon the strong sense to *act*, and on the puerilities only to *preach*, the man comes out, upon the whole, as a great and able governor.

The reputation which Oliver's speeches have borne, as being involved, spiritless, tortuous, and even purposely confused, has resulted, we think, from this—that an opinion of the whole has been formed from an examination of a few, and chiefly of those which were delivered on the occasion of his refusing the offered title of king. His conduct on this occasion, it would be necessary for an historian particularly to investigate, and in the discharge of this duty he would have to peruse a series of discourses undoubtedly of a very bewildering character. They are the only speeches of Cromwell of which it can be said that their meaning is not clearly, and even forcibly expressed. And in this case it is quite evident that he had no distinct meaning to express; he had no definite answer to give the parliament who were petitioning him to take the title of king. He was anxious to gain time—he was talking *against time*—an art which we moderns only have thoroughly mastered. How could Cromwell who was no great rhetorician, be otherwise than palpably confused, and dubious, and intricate? Nothing can be clearer than that he himself leant towards the opinion of the parliament, that it would be good policy to adopt the royal title. It was so connected with the old attachments and associations of Englishmen, it had so long given force to the language of the law, its claims were so much better known, its prerogatives so much better understood than those of the new title of protector, that the resumption of it must have appeared very advisable. But the army had been all along fighting against the king. Whilst to the lawyer and the citizen the title was still the most honorable and ever to be venerated, to the soldier of the commonwealth it had become a term of reproach, of execration, of unsparing hostility. Oliver Cromwell might well hesitate before assuming a title which might forfeit for him the allegiance of a great portion of the army. He deferred his answer, to have an opportunity for estimating the nature and amount of the resistance he might expect from that quarter; and he came to the conclusion, that the risk of unsettling the affections of the army was not to be incurred for either any personal gratification to himself (which we take to have not weighed much with him) in assuming the title of king, or for the advantages which might accrue from it in the ultimate settlement of the nation. His addresses, therefore, to the parliament on this occasion not being definite answers to the parliament, nor intended to be such, but mere postponements of his answer, were necessarily distinguished by indecision, uncertainty, and all sorts of obscurities. But, these excepted, his speeches, however deficient in what pertains to the *art of composition*, in terseness, or method, or elegance of phrase, are never wanting in the great essentials—the expression of his meaning in a very earnest and forcible manner. The mixture of sermon and speech, we allow, is not inviting; but the sermon is just as clear, perhaps, as any which the chaplain of the house would have preached to them, and it must be remembered, that to explain *his meaning*, *his political sentiments*, the sermon was as necessary as the speech.

By the new instrument of government, the protector, with his council, was authorized, in the interval before the meeting of parliament, to issue such ordinances as might be deemed necessary. This interval our puritan governor very consistently employed, first of all, in establishing a gospel ministry throughout the nation. Thirty-eight chosen men, “the acknowledged flower of English

puritanism," were nominated a supreme commission for the trial of public preachers. Any person holding a church-living, or pretending to the tithes or clergy-dues, was to be tried and approved of by these men. "A very republican arrangement," says Mr. Carlyle, "such as could be made on the sudden, but was found in practice to work well."

This and other ordinances having been issued, his first parliament meets. It cannot be said that our puritan protector does not rise to the full level of his position. One might describe him as something of a propagandist, disposed to teach his doctrine of the *rights of Christian men* to the world at large. It is thus he opens his address:—"GENTLEMEN: You are met here on the greatest occasion that, I believe, England ever saw; having upon your shoulders the interests of three great nations, with the territories belonging to them; and truly I believe I may say it without any hyperbole, you have upon your shoulders *the interest of all the Christian people in the world*. And the expectation is, that I should let you know, as far as I have cognizance of it, the occasion of your assembling together at this time."

But this parliament fell upon the discussion, as we have said, of the very instrument of government under which they had been called together. Mr. Carlyle is as impatient as was Oliver himself at this proceeding of the "talking apparatus." But how could it be otherwise! Everything that had taken place since the dissolution of the Long Parliament was done by mere arbitrary authority. The present parliament, however called together, must consider itself the only legitimate, the only constitutional power; it *must* look into this instrument of government. But if it was impossible not to commence the discussion, it was equally impossible ever to conclude it. We all know to what length a debate will run upon a constitutional question; and here there was not one such question, but a whole constitution to be discussed. In vain they debated "from eight in the morning to eight at night, with an hour for refreshment about noon;" there was no probability of their ever coming to a conclusion.

This would never do. Oliver shuts up the parliament-house, stations his musketeers at the door, calls the members to him, presents them with a parchment, "a little thing," to sign, acknowledging his authority, and tells them he will open the door of the house to such only as shall put their names to it. We will quote some parts of the speech he made to them on this occasion, and our readers shall judge whether such a speech, delivered by the living man Cromwell, was likely to fail in effect, whether it was deficient in meaning or in energy. We shall omit the parenthetical comments of the editor, because, however these may amuse and relieve the reader who is making his way through the whole work, and who becomes familiarized with their style, they would only confuse and distract the attention in a brief extract. The single words or phrases which he has introduced, merely to make the sense clear, are retained whenever they are really necessary for this purpose, and without the inverted commas by which they are properly distinguished in the text. We will premise, that the protestations which Cromwell here makes, that he did not seek the government, but was earnestly petitioned to undertake it, may well, in part, be true. When he had once dissolved the Long Parliament, it was no longer a matter of choice for himself or others whether he would take the reins of government. To whom could he commit

them? From that time, the government rested upon his shoulders. If he had manifested a wish to withdraw from the burden he had thus brought down upon himself, there is no doubt but that he would have been earnestly petitioned to remain at his post. The greatest enemy of Cromwell, if he had been a lover of his country, would have joined in such a petition; would have besought him to remain at the helm, now he had thrown all other steersmen overboard. No; he must not quit it now. He is there for the rest of his life, to do battle with the waves, and navigate amongst rocks and quicksands as best he may.

Let us hear his own statement and defence of the manner in which he became advanced and "captured" to his high and perilous place.

"GENTLEMEN,—It is not long since I met you in this place, upon an occasion which gave me much more content and comfort than this doth. That which I have now to say to you will need no preamble to let me into my discourse; for the occasion of this meeting is plain enough. I could have wished, with all my heart, there had been no cause for it.

"At our former meeting I did acquaint you what was the first rise of this government which hath called you hither, and by the authority of which you have come hither. Among other things which I then told you of, I said you were a free parliament; and so you are, whilst you own the government and authority which called you hither. But certainly that word (free parliament) implied a reciprocity, or it implied nothing at all. Indeed, there was a reciprocity implied and expressed; and I think your actions and carriages ought to be suitable. But I see it will be necessary for me now a little to magnify my office, which I have not been apt to do. I have been of this mind, I have been always of this mind, since I first entered upon my office. If God will not bear it up, let it sink!—but if a duty be incumbent upon me, to bear my testimony to it, (which in modesty I have hitherto borne,) I am, in some measure, necessitated thereunto; and therefore that will be the prologue to my discourse.

"I called not myself to this place. I say again, I called not myself to this place! Of that God is witness; and I have many witnesses who, I do believe, could lay down their lives bearing witness to the truth of that, namely, that I called not myself to this place! And, being in it, I bear not witness to myself or my office; but God and the people of these nations have also borne testimony to it. If my calling be from God, and my testimony from the people, *God and the people shall take it from me, else I will not part with it!* I should be false to the trust that God hath placed in me, and to the interests of the people of these nations if I did.

"I was by birth a gentleman; living neither in any considerable height, nor yet in obscurity. I have been called to several employments in the nation—to serve in parliament and others; and, not to be over-tedious, I did endeavor, to discharge the duty of an honest man, in those services, to God and his people's interest, and to the commonwealth; having, when time was, a competent acceptance in the hearts of men, and some evidences thereof. I resolve not to recite the times, and occasions, and opportunities which have been appointed me by God to serve him in; nor the presence and blessing of God, therein bearing testimony to me.

"Having had some occasion to see, together with my brethren and countrymen, a happy period put to our sharp wars and contests with the then common enemy, I hoped, in a private capacity, to have reaped the fruit and benefit, together with my brethren, of our hard labors and hazards; the enjoyment, to wit, of peace and liberty, and the privileges of a Christian and a man, in some equality with others, according as it should please the Lord to dispense unto me. And when I say God hath put an end to our wars, or at least, brought them to a very hopeful issue, very near an end—after Worcester fight—I came up to London to pay my service and duty to the parliament which then sat, hoping that all minds would have been disposed to answer what seemed to be the mind of God, namely, to give peace and rest to his people, and especially to those who had bled more than others in the carrying on of the military affairs—I was much disappointed of my expectation. For the issue did not prove so. *Whatever may be boasted or misrepresented, it was not so, not so!*

"I can say in the simplicity of my soul, I love not, I love not—I declined it in my former speech,—I say, I love not to rake into sores, or to discover nakedness! The thing I drive at is this; I say to you, I hoped to have had leave to retire to a private life. I begged to be dismissed of my charge; I begged it again and again; and God be judge between me and all men if I lie in this matter! That I lie not in matter of fact, is known to very many; but whether I tell a lie in my heart, as laboring to represent to you what was not upon my heart, I say the Lord be judge. Let uncharitable men, who measure others by themselves, judge as they please. As to the matter of fact, I say it is true. As to the ingenuity and integrity of my heart in that desire—I do appeal, as before, upon the truth of that also. But I could not obtain what my soul longed for. And the plain truth is, I did afterwards apprehend some more of opinion, (such the differences of their judgment from mine,) that it could not well be.

"I confess I am in some strait to say what I could say, and what is true, of what then followed. I pressed the parliament, as a member, to period themselves; once, and again, and again, and ten, nay, twenty times over. I told them, for I knew it better than any one man in the parliament could know it because of my manner of life, which had led me everywhere up and down the nation, thereby giving me to see and know the temper and spirits of all men, and of the best of men—that the nation loathed their sitting. I knew it. And so far as I could discern, when they were dissolved, *there was not so much as the barking of a dog, or any general or visible repining at it.*

"And that there was high cause for their dissolution is most evident; not only in regard there was a just fear of that parliament's perpetuating themselves, but because it actually was their design. Had not their heels been trod upon by importunities from abroad, even to threats, I believe there never would have been any thoughts of rising, or of going out of that room, to the world's end. I myself was sounded, and by no mean persons tempted; and proposals were made me to that very end; that the parliament might be thus perpetuated; that the vacant places might be supplied by new elections, and so continue from generation to generation."

He proceeds to object to the measure which the parliament was really about to pass, that it would

have established an uninterrupted succession of parliaments, that there would have been "a legislative power always sitting," which would thereby have encroached upon the executive power. The speech then enlarges on the general assent of the people, of the army, of the judges, of the civic powers, to the instrument of government, to the protectorate, and on the implied assent which they themselves had given by accepting their commissions under it.

"And this being so, though I told you in my last speech that you were a free parliament, yet I thought it was understood with all that I was the protector, and the authority that called you! That I was in possession of the government by a good right from God and man. And I believe, that if the learnedest men in this nation were called to show a precedent equally clear of a government so many ways approved of, they would not in all their search find it. And if the fact be so, why should we sport with it! With a business so serious! * * * For you to disown or not to own it; for you to act with parliamentary authority especially, in the disowning of it, contrary to the very fundamental things, yea, against the very root itself of this establishment, to sit and not own the authority by which you sit—is that which I believe astonisheth more men than myself; and doth as dangerously disappoint and discompose the nation, as anything that could have been invented by the greatest enemy to our peace and welfare."

After drawing the distinction between fundamentals, which may not be shaken, and circumstantial, which it is in the power of parliament to alter and modify, he continues:—

"I would it had not been needful for me to call you hither to expostulate these things with you, and in such a manner as this! But necessity hath no law. Feigned necessities, imaginary necessities are the greatest cozenage which man can put upon the providence of God, and make pretences to break known rules by. But it is as legal, as carnal, and as stupid to think that there are *no* necessities which are manifest and real, because necessities may be abused or feigned. I have to say, the wilful throwing away of this government, such as it is, so owned by God, so approved by men, so witnessed to, as was mentioned above, were a thing which—and in reference to the good of these nations and of posterity—I can sooner be willing to be rolled into my grave and buried with infamy, than I can give my consent unto!

"You have been called hither to save a nation—nations. You had the best people, indeed, of the Christian world put into your trust, when you came hither. You had the affairs of these nations delivered over to you in peace and quiet; you were, and we all are, put into an undisturbed possession, nobody making title to us. Through the blessing of God, our enemies were hopeless and scattered. We had peace at home; peace with almost all our neighbors round about. To have our peace and interest, whereof those were our hopes the other day, thus shaken, and put under such a confusion; and ourselves rendered hereby almost the scorn and contempt of those strangers who are amongst us to negotiate their masters' affairs! * * * Who shall answer for these things to God or to men! To men, to the people who sent you hither! who looked for refreshment from you; who looked for nothing but peace and quietness, and rest and settlement! When we come to give an account to them, we shall have it to say, 'Oh, we quarrelled for the

liberty of England; we contested, and went to confusion for that!—*Wherein I pray you for the liberty of England?* I appeal to the Lord, that the desires and endeavors we have had—nay, the things will speak for themselves—the liberty of England, the liberty of the people, the avoiding of tyrannous impositions either upon men as men, or Christians as Christians—is made so safe by this act of settlement, that it will speak for itself.”

The protector then tells them that, “seeing the authority which called them is so little valued and so much slighted, he had caused a stop to be put to their entrance into the parliament house,” until a certain “somewhat,” which would be found “in the lobby without the parliament door”—an adhesion to the government in its fundamentals—should be signed.

This extract, as will be readily supposed, would lead to a far too favorable opinion of Cromwell’s oratory, if understood as a specimen of his usual manner of speaking; but our readers will probably confess that they did not expect that the speeches of Cromwell would have yielded such an extract.

Oliver has, it will be observed, a singularly modest way of speaking of his political remedies and projects. In referring, on a later occasion, to his major-generals, he says: “Truly when that insurrection was, we did find out a *little poor invention*, which I hear has been much regretted. I say there was a *little thing* invented, which was the erecting of your major-generals, to have a little inspection upon the people thus divided, thus discontented, thus dissatisfied.” On the present occasion, the “somewhat which was to be found at the lobby of the parliament door,” was, after a little demur, accepted and signed by all but a certain number of declared republicans. The parliament afterwards fell from the discussion of a whole constitution, to debates apparently as warm, and as endless, upon poor Biddle the Quaker, and other kindred subjects.

Thus their allotted session of five months passed; at the end of which time Cromwell dissolved them.

“I do not know what you have been doing,” he tells them in his speech on this occasion. “I do not know whether you have been alive or dead. I have not once heard from you all this time—I have not—and that you all know.”

Cromwell’s second parliament manifested a wiser industry, and a more harmonious temper—thanks to one of the protector’s “little inventions.” Each member was to be provided with a certificate before entering the house; “but near one hundred honorable gentlemen can get no certificate—none provided for *them*—and without certificate there is no admittance. Soldiers stand ranked at the door; no man enters without his certificate!” The stiff republicans, and known turbulent persons, are excluded. From this parliament Cromwell accepts again the title of protector, and is installed with great state; things take a more legal aspect; the major-generals are suppressed; a house of lords is instituted; and a settlement of the nation seems at last effected.

But the second session of this parliament relapsed again into a restive and republican humor. The excluded members had been admitted, and debates arose about this “other house,” as they were disposed to nominate the lords. So much confusion resulted in the country from this unsettled state of the representative assembly, and so many insurrectionary designs were fostered by it, that the protector was compelled abruptly to dissolve the parliament. He tells them:—

“That which brought me into the capacity I now stand in, was the petition and advice given me by you, who, in reference to the ancient constitution, did draw me to accept the place of protector. *There is not a man living can say I sought it; no, not a man nor a woman treading upon English ground.* But, contemplating the sad condition of these nations, relieved from an intestine war into a six or seven years’ peace, I did think the nation happy therein. But to be petitioned thereunto, and to be advised by you to undertake such a government, a burden too heavy for any creature—and this to be done by the house which then had the legislative capacity—certainly I did look that the same men who made the frame, should make it good unto me. *I can say, in the presence of God, in comparison with whom we are but like poor creeping ants upon the earth, I would have been glad to have lived under any woodside, to have kept a flock of sheep, rather than have undertaken such a government as this.* But, undertaking it by the advice and petition of you, I did look that you who had offered it unto me, should make it good.”

He concludes thus:—

“It hath been not only your endeavor to pervert the army while you have been sitting, and to draw them to state the question about a ‘commonwealth;’ but some of you have been listing of persons, by commission of Charles Stuart, to join with any insurrection that may be made. And what is like to come upon this, the enemy being ready to invade us, but even present blood and confusion? And if this be so, I do assign it to this cause—your not assenting to what you did invite me to by your petition and advice, as that which might prove the settlement of the nation. And if this be the end of your sitting, and this be your carriage, I think it high time that an end be put to your sitting. And I do dissolve this parliament! And let God be judge between you and me!”

It is at this latter period of his career that the character of Cromwell, to our apprehension, stands out to greatest advantage, becomes more grave, and solemn, and estimable. Other dictators, other men of ambitious aims and fortunes, show themselves, for the most part, less amiable, more tyrannous than ever, more violent and selfish, when they have obtained the last reward of all their striving, and possessed themselves of the seat of power. It was otherwise with Cromwell. He became more moderate, his views more expanded, his temper milder and more pensive. The stormy passions of the civil war were overblown, the intricate and ambiguous passages of his political course had been left behind; and now, whatever may have been the errors of the past, and however his own ambition or rashness may have led him to it, he occupied a position which he might say with truth he held for his country’s good. Forsake it he could not. Repose in it he could not. A man of religious breeding, of strong conscientiousness, though tainted with superstition, he could not but feel the great responsibility of that position. A vulgar usurper is found at this era of his career to sink into the voluptuary, or else to vent his dissatisfied humor in acts of cruelty and oppression. Cromwell must govern, and govern to his best. The restless and ardent spirit that had ever prompted him onwards and upwards, and which had carried him to that high place, was now upon the wane. It had borne him to that giddy pinnacle, and threatened to leave him there. Men were now aiming at his life; the assassin was abroad; one half the world was execrating him;

we doubt not that he spoke with sincerity when he said, that "he would gladly live under any wood-side, and keep a flock of sheep." He would gladly lay down his burden, but he cannot; can lay it down only in the grave. The sere and yellow leaf is falling on the shelterless head of the royal puritan. The asperity of his earlier character is gone, the acrimony of many of his prejudices has, in his long and wide intercourse with mankind, abated; his great duties have taught him moderation of many kinds; there remains of the fiery sectarian, who so hastily "turned the buckle of his girdle behind him," little more than his firmness and conscientiousness: his firmness that, as he truly said, "could be bold with men;" his conscientiousness, which made the power he attained by that boldness a burden and a heavy responsibility.

"We have not been now four years and upwards in this government," says the protector, in one of his speeches, "to be totally ignorant of what things may be of the greatest concernment to us." No; this man has not been an idle scholar. Since the lord general took the reins of civil government, and became lord protector, he has thought and learned much of statesmanship. But as a statesman, he is still first of all the puritan. It is worth while to observe how his foreign policy, which has been justly admired, took its turn and direction from his religious feelings. He made alliances with the Protestant powers of the north, and assumed a firm attitude of hostility towards Spain—and reasons of state may have had some sway in determining him to these measures; but his great motive for hostility with Spain was, that she stood "at the head of the antichristian interest"—"as was described in the Scriptures to be papal and antichristian."

"Why, truly your great enemy is the Spaniard. He is a natural enemy. He is naturally so throughout, by reason of that enmity that is in him against whatever is of God. * * * Your enemy, as I tell you naturally, by that antipathy which is in him—and also providentially, (that is, by special ordering of Providence.) An enmity is put in him by God. 'I will put an enmity between thy seed and her seed,' which goes but for little among statesmen, but is more considerable than all things. And he that considers not such natural enmity, the providential enmity as well as the accidental, I think he is not well acquainted with the Scripture, and the things of God."—(Speech 5.)

In fine, we see in Cromwell, everywhere and throughout, the genuine, fervid puritan—the puritan general, the puritan statesman. He was a man, and, therefore, doubtless ambitious; he rose through a scene of civil as well as military contest, and, doubtless, was not unacquainted with dissimulation; but if we would describe him briefly, it is as the great puritan that he must ever be remembered in history.

In parting company with the editor of these letters and speeches, we feel that we have not done justice to the editorial industry and research which these volumes display. Our space would not permit it. For the same reason we have been unable to quote several instances of vivid narrative, which we had hoped to transfer to our own pages. And as to our main quarrel with him—this outrageous adoption of puritanical bile and superstition—we have been haunted all along by a suspicion we have occasionally expressed, that the man *cannot* be in earnest. He could not have been so abandoned by

his common sense. He has been so accustomed to mingle sport, and buffoonery, and all sorts of wilful extravagance, with his most serious mood, that he perhaps does not know himself when, and how far, he is in earnest. In turning over the leaves of his work, we light, towards the end of the second volume, upon the following passage, which may, *perhaps*, explain the temper of the writer, when he is abetting and encouraging his fanatical heroes. He is uttering some sarcasms upon the poor "art of speech."

"Is there no sacredness, then, any longer in the miraculous tongue of man? Is his head become a wretched cracked pitcher, on which you juggle to frighten crows, and makes bees hive? He fills me with terror, this two-legged rhetorical phantasm! I could long for an Oliver without rhetoric at all. I could long for a Mahomet, whose persuasive eloquence, with wild-flashing heart and scimitar, is, 'Wretched moral, give up that; or by the Eternal, thy maker and mine, I will kill thee! Thou blasphemous scandalous misbirth of nature, is not even that the kindest thing I can do for thee, if thou repent not, and alter in the name of Allah!'"

To this sort of satirical humor—to "the truth of a song"—not Dryasdust himself would call upon him to swear. And may not all his rhapsodies upon his "sword-in-hand" puritans be little more than an amplification of this one passage? And, if we insist upon it, that a reform by the pen, or even by speech-making, is better than one by pike and musket—if we should suggest that matters of civil government are better decided by civil and political reasoning than by metaphorical texts of Scripture, interpreted by prejudice and passion—if we contend for such truisms as these, shall we not be in danger of occupying some such position as the worthy prelate whose sagacity led him to discover that *some facts* in Gulliver's Travels had surely been overcharged!

THE CASE of Mr. Frederick Douglass has given rise to a very multifarious set of letters in the papers. Mr. Charles M'Iver, the Liverpool agent of the Cunard steamers, writes to assume the whole responsibility of what was done; and explains that the reason for obliging Mr. Douglass to keep separate was that he had "created a disturbance" on the voyage to England. Mr. Peter Bolton explains this away, quoting a statement by Mr. Douglass himself. It appears that on the eastward voyage he came as a steerage passenger and kept aloof; he was sought by English passengers, and requested by the master of the vessel to make a speech; he began, was coarsely and violently stopped by Americans on board, and desisted. A letter signed "Charles A. Burrup," of some place in Virginia, "head manager of the Cunard Company of Liners," next appeared; very coarsely alluding to the sources of disgust which white people feel for "blackamoors," and declaring that it is shared by the English; in proof of which, it is stated that on one occasion several English persons threw up their berths rather than voyage with a black couple. One "Fair Play" recounts how the agents of the Great Western refused to exclude a colored clergyman from *their* ship in 1840; and how his decorous manners eventually won the esteem of all on board. Finally, Mr. Cunard himself appears. He denies that Mr. Burrup has anything to do with the Halifax steamers, characterizes that person's statement as untrue, expresses great regret at the unpleasant occurrence in Mr. Douglass' case, and promises that it shall never occur again.—*Spectator*.

From the Spectator.

THE IRISH IN 1749 AND IN 1847.

THE most disheartening circumstance in Ireland is the long endurance of identical evils; but as that is the peculiarity of the country, it ought to be precisely the thing to give direction to efforts at amendment. The faction-feuds which now set the Connaught men fighting with the Munster men on the canals in Canada are traceable in Ireland until history is lost in the earliest obscurity. Improvidence and beggary were the popular characteristics up to the earliest times at which there were any materials for comparison by English standards. Centuries have passed without effecting any of the marked changes proverbially ascribed to "the hand of time." Spenser's general description has often been quoted; but the account given by the more philosophical Bishop Berkeley, a century and a half later, might serve at this very day. In a scarce tract,* first printed in 1749, the celebrated Bishop of Cloyne writes—

"No country is better qualified to furnish the necessities of life, and yet no people are worse provided. In vain is the earth fertile, and the climate benign, if human labor be wanting. Nature supplies the materials, which art and industry improve to the use of man; and it is the want of this industry that occasions all our other wants.

"The public hath endeavored to excite and encourage this useful virtue. Much hath been done; but, whether it be from the heaviness of the climate, or from the Spanish or Scythian blood that runs in their veins, or whatever else may be the cause, there still remains in the natives of this island a remarkable antipathy to labor. * * *

"The house of the Irish peasant is the cave of poverty: within, you see a pot and a little straw; without, a heap of children tumbling on the dunghill. Their fields and gardens are a lively counterpart of Solomon's description in the Proverbs. 'I went,' saith that wise king, 'by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding, and lo! it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down.' In every road the ragged ensigns of poverty are displayed: you often meet caravans of poor, whole families in a drove, without clothes to cover or bread to feed them; both which might be easily procured by moderate labor. They are encouraged in this vagabond life by the miserable hospitality they meet with in every cottage; whose inhabitants expect the same kind reception in their turn, when they become beggars themselves; beggary being the last refuge of these improvident creatures. * * *

"The Scythians were noted for wandering, and the Spaniards for sloth and pride: and the Irish are behind neither of these nations, from which they descend, in their respective characteristics. 'Better is he that laboreth and aboundeth in all things, than he that boasteth himself and wanteth bread,' saith the son of Sirach; but so saith not the Irishman. In my own family, a kitchen-maid refused to carry out cinders, because she was descended from an old Irish stock. Never was there a more monstrous conjunction than that of pride with beggary; and yet this prodigy is seen every day in almost every part of this kingdom. At the same time, these proud people are more destitute than savages, and more abject than negroes. The negroes in our

plantations have a saying, 'If negro was not negro, Irishman would be negro.' And it may be affirmed with truth, that the very savages of America are better clad and better lodged than the Irish cottagers throughout the fine fertile countries of Limerick and Tipperary."

That this was not peculiar to the age, but to the country, is seen from the succeeding passage, in which the manufacturing propensity of England is curiously foreshadowed—

"In England, when the labor of the field is over, it is usual for men to betake themselves to some other labor of a different kind. In the northern parts of that industrious land, the inhabitants meet, a jolly crew, at one another's houses, where they merrily and frugally pass the long and dark winter evenings; several families, by the same light and the same fire, working at their different manufactures of wool, flax, or hemp; company meanwhile mutually cheering and provoking to labor. In certain other parts, you may see, on a summer's evening, the common laborers sitting along the street of a town or village, each at his own door, with a cushion before him, making bone-lace, and earning more in an evening's pastime than an Irish family would in a whole day. Those people, instead of closing the day with a game on greasy cards, or lying stretched before the fire, pass their time much more cheerfully in some useful employment, which custom hath rendered light and agreeable."

For constant effects, unchanged by the passing away of generations, there must have been constant causes. Some ascribe the fatal indolence of the Irish to their faith; but Bishop Berkeley cites the examples of Genoa, France, and Flanders, to show that the Romish faith and industry are not incompatible. If industry and Protestantism have been apt to go together, perhaps that coincidence may be imputed to a common cause, the sterner leanings of race: yet even that will not account for all the shortcomings of Ireland; since it is in their native land alone that the Irish display such miserable backwardness. The causes, no doubt, have been many and concurrent: race and faith may have an influence; but the excellent bishop also glances at another—the political oppression which debarred the gentry from all preferment, denied them social distinction, and nullified social ambition. It did much more; the wholesale confiscations, the penal laws, which denied to Roman Catholics in many things the commonest rights of property, are no doubt chargeable for the most anarchic tendency to dissolve one of the first principles of society, the inviolability of property. Such laws not only placed the Irish in a position of chronic rebellion, and familiarized them with habits of lawlessness, but actually taught, by direct example, contempt for the rights of persons and things. But the knowledge of these deep-seated and long-enduring causes is an incentive to effort rather than despair. Though they suggest serious difficulties, they present nothing which is insurmountable.

The liberal and philosophic Protestant bishop discerned one ready instrument for beneficial influence over the Irish. Writing in 1749, he was in advance of some who write and act in 1847. The tract from which we have quoted was put forth as an exhortation to the Roman Catholic clergy of Ireland; "the Wise," to whom his "Word" was addressed, were that priesthood, and what he urged them to do was to preach industry and thrift. "I turn to your reverences," he says, "as a dernier resort"—

*"A Word to the Wise; or an Exhortation to the Roman Catholic Clergy of Ireland."

"You are known to have great influence on the mind of your people; be so good as to use this influence for their benefit. Since other methods fail, try what you can do. 'Be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort.' Make them thoroughly sensible of the sin and folly of sloth. Show your charity in clothing the naked and feeding the hungry; which you may do by the mere breath of your mouths. Give me leave to tell you, that no set of men upon earth have it in their power to do good on easier terms, with more advantage to others, and less pains or loss to themselves. Your flocks are of all others most disposed to follow directions, and of all others want them most; and, indeed, what do they not want?"

As if acting upon the direct prompting of this advice, a Roman Catholic clergyman at Tralee, the Very Reverend Dr. M'Eneery, has been rousing his flock with an uncommon plainness of rebuke—

"Interested and designing knaves have told you you were the finest peasantry on earth: those who told you so were impostors. You are a patient people, warm-hearted, and religious; but you are an unenlightened people, not half educated, and very few degrees removed from barbarism. * * * The time is arrived when you must help yourselves; and the first step to that is to till the ground. * * * Sympathizing nations feel your sufferings, and are ready to assist you. But if you do not shake off this apathy, this torpor, which seems to be taking possession of your very souls, and do all in your power to produce food for the next year, instead of exciting their sympathy, you will arouse their contempt, and you will become a byword to the nations of the earth, as a lazy, indolent, mean people, who would rather trust to the bounty of others than exert themselves."

The excellent priest has perhaps mistaken his tense in using the future: what Dr. M'Eneery speaks of as a future contingency, Dr. Berkeley asserted as an established fact ninety-eight years ago. And the Protestant bishop's exhortation obtained a striking response: the Roman Catholic clergy of Dublin diocese publicly thanked him for his generously-urged counsel, which they averred that they had in part anticipated. Why, then, has not the influence which he invoked been brought more effectively into play? There has been on the whole no want of good disposition on the part of the priesthood; but it is a dependent priesthood. Dr. Berkeley reminds the clergy that they would have larger revenues from a prosperous people than from a people in a state of penury: which is true; but that they obtain any subsistence at all depends upon the pleasure of the people; and while that is the case, the bold out-speaking of a M'Eneery is likely to be an exception.

It is not mere development of resources that Ireland wants, nor development of any sort, but good direction of influences now perverted; and among the measures which *would* end the existing and begin a new order of things, is that which would render the priesthood independent of the people, and would thus set them free to perform the office suggested by Bishop Berkeley and undertaken by the Dublin clergy three generations back.

We last hear of Mr. Cobden at Naples; where he had been entertained at a banquet by one of the ubiquitous Rothschild family. Prince Oscar was also at the party.

IRISH COLONIZATION: OBJECTIONS AND OBSTACLES.

EACH of "the two great parties which divide the state" has seen fit to employ a commission for the purpose of investigating the social ills of Ireland and devising remedial measures. There was first a liberal commission, appointed by the Melbourne government, and known as the Archbishop of Dublin's; then came the conservative one, called Lord Devon's, of which Sir Robert Peel was the author. The archbishop and Lord Devon therefore are high authorities on a question of Irish economical policy. Either of them alone would be a high authority; agreeing, they form the highest authority to which it is possible to appeal. Now, on one matter relating to the condition of Ireland, these two authorities not only agree, but coöperate. They concur in earnestly recommending to the government, not the principle merely, but a matured plan of Irish colonization. Such a proposal so stamped naturally excites a lively interest; it must at least be discussed in parliament; and it may give occasion to voting not without result. We therefore return to the subject, with a view of noticing certain objections to the measure which have been urged during the week.

1. The proposal comes too late. Certainly, for this year: that is, too late for effects this year, but not too late for legislation with a view to effects next year. This year is provided for by the grant of a British million a month for soup, and the poor-rate of as much more as can be squeezed out of Ireland in her present state of social anarchy. With the measures of the government for this year, Lord John Russell's memorialists do not propose to interfere. Their suggestion relates exclusively to next year and the years following. They do not beg the government to increase its provisions for this year, but to take some precaution for the years to come. With a view, however, to results so early as next year, legislation this year is necessary. If Mr. Godley's plan of Irish colonization had been adopted by parliament last year, British America would have produced this year the greater quantity of food required for so large an immigration, and other indispensable measures of preparation would have been cared for: so, of course, unless parliament act this year, the objection of "coming too late" will be as valid for next year as it now is for this. This objection, therefore, is in truth a reason for prompt action.

2. The proposal is tantamount to "Hell or Connaught:" it means Canada or the Grave. This is Young Ireland's objection, urged by the *Nation*. And a valid objection it is, provided always that the grave is preferable to Canada. But is emigration worse than death from want of food? We ask the question seriously, because the only answer to it converts this objection into a recommendation. We believe that the famine-anarchy of Ireland will so much decrease production as to render the population excessive after the horrible thinning of this year; and therefore, if Mr. Godley's plan were adopted without delay, there would next year be a choice between Canada and the grave. For hundreds of thousands, perhaps for millions, there is unhappily no such choice this year. And what is the meaning of "Canada," according to this plan of Irish colonization? It means a country, and the only country, in which the Irish race would have fair play. In Ireland, the land which they inhabit is the property of another race, and their religion is

robbed and insulted by another: in Great Britain and the United States, they are but tolerated aliens: in Canada they would own the land on which they dwelt, and their religion would be subject to neither wrong nor degradation. In Ireland the Irish are not a nation, but an inferior order, a base class: it is proposed, without making their position in Ireland worse, to let them form a nation in America; and to this the especial organ of Irish nationality furiously objects. Well; perhaps it is because the Irish are incapable of being a nation, that they are what they are in Ireland.

3. This political incapacity of the Irish is the objection of the *Times*, which spits upon the Celt, and prays that Canada may be spared the "irritating ulcer" of a Milesian colonization. But is the race hopelessly feeble and turbulent? It appears to be so in Ireland; but would not people of any race exhibit such defects if they were placed in the same incapacitating circumstances? When England conquered the Irish, took their land from them, degraded their religion, and neither amalgamated with them nor exterminated them, but preserved them as helots, she inflicted on them the bad qualities of feebleness and turbulence; and feeble and turbulent they will remain in Ireland until they shall acquire some fair proportion of the soil of Ireland, and until their religion shall in Ireland be placed on a footing of real equality with others. But what the Irish are in Ireland is not the question. What would they be in Canada—that is, when surrounded by circumstances calculated to make them energetic and peaceful? One of the greatest merits in our view of the plan of colonization submitted to Lord John Russell is, that it carefully provides on behalf of the emigrants against the circumstances which necessarily make the Celtic Irish feeble and turbulent at home. The objection of the *Times*, therefore, does not apply. It appears to be suggested by a blind scorn and hatred of the Irish.

4. Yet this very objection is urged in society by official persons, who have not been accustomed, like the *Times*, to exhibit scorn and hatred of the Irish. It is an objection of the colonial office as well as of the *Times*. It is the only objection that the office for the promotion of colonization could well make; and it is the only objection made by the *Times*. Put this and that together, and it may appear that neither scorn and hatred of the Irish, nor tenderness for Canada, is at the bottom of this objection. On colonial questions the *Times* is now often semi-official. Supposing it to be so in this instance, the objection may be but a cover for another, which could not be mentioned, though it may be deeply felt. The present colonial minister has committed himself against an Irish colonization that is not "spontaneous." On the 31st of December last, he instructed Lord Elgin to carry into effect in Canada a system of colonization which he had elaborately formed. By another despatch, on the 29th January, he withdrew those instructions and pulled his own plan to pieces. In that despatch, and in the house of lords on the 15th of last month, he earnestly pleaded against anything like system in colonization, and in favor of that wretched emigration which has been justly called "a shovelling out of our paupers." Lord Grey therefore is committed against Mr. Godley's plan. He will not change his mind twice within three months on the subject of colonization. We consider his opposition to the plan to be inevitable, and therefore warn its promoters to be prepared for this really formidable obstacle. Whether Mr. Charles Buller and Mr. Hawes agree

with Lord Grey in his new preference of mere emigration to careful colonization, remains to be seen. If it should prove so, the saying, that "being in office makes all the difference," will be signally verified.

5. There is a class of objections which may be termed friendly, inasmuch as they point out obstacles for removal. It is said, for example, that the Roman Catholic clergy of Ireland may reject the offer of endowment in Canada. But the offer has not been made. At present it is but an hypothesis. Suppose an offer of marriage made hypothetically, so that "Yes" from the lady would commit her and leave the gentleman free even to laugh at her if he pleased: of course she would say "No." The question is, what would the Irish clergy say to Mr. Godley's proposal if it were made by Lord John Russell or Sir Robert Peel, with the assent of parliament, and with a schedule of the amount of endowments, and the number of clergy, bishoprics, and archbishoprics? They would perhaps say very little; but that they would accept a positive offer may be safely presumed. The natural shyness, therefore, of the Irish clergy with respect to a mere suggestion of endowment for their faith in Canada, is not an objection, but a difficulty to be removed by suitable handling. There are other difficulties of a similar kind. It is not to be expected that the imperial parliament should adopt a plan of Canadian colonization at the risk of its rejection by a provincial legislature; common discretion suggests that means should be adopted for ascertaining beforehand whether such imperial legislation would be agreeable to the North American colonies, and to which of them it would be the most agreeable. In like manner, the Irish Roman Catholic clergy in the United States bordering on British America, should be discreetly consulted and conciliated with regard to that part of the plan which proposes to increase employment for Irish laborers in Canada by means of the removal into Canada of Irishmen who have acquired capital in the United States.

6. The *Standard* decries even a Canadian endowment of the Irish clergy, on the ground that it would be a step to their endowment in Ireland. And the force of this objection must be admitted by those who do not deem it unjust and impolitic to degrade and starve the clergy of the Irish in Ireland. To others, the objection will be a recommendation. Nor is this the only objection of that sort. It is said that if this plan of Irish colonization were fully carried out, Canada would draw all the Irish out of Ireland. And what then? The process would take place by attraction, not compulsion; and if all the Irish were drawn to Canada by the attraction of a flourishing Irish nationality, why, so much the better for all the Irish. But neither "all" nor even too many of the Irish could by possibility be drawn out of Ireland; for the removal of enough would leave those who remained so comfortable as to deprive them of a wish to emigrate. Still this objection is a compliment to the plan; a valuable admission, like the semi-official objection to making Canada Irish, that Mr. Godley's plan is deemed fit to accomplish its avowed and very desirable aim.—*Spectator*, 10 April.

Our dislike to the sight of our faults we vent upon the way in which our friend has discovered them to us. If he have done it boldly, we cry out against his abruptness, his roughness; if delicately, gently, we exclaim at his duplicity, his dissimulation.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

THE WISH—A FAIRY TALE.

CHAPTER I.

A GREAT many years ago, before railroads and stage-coaches had chased the fairy people from the green meadows and smooth lawns, where they loved to sport beneath the soft light of the moon—and from the shady groves, and sequestered glens, where they were wont to repose, during the long summer's day, cradled within the bell of the modest cowslip, or the fragrant honey-suckle—and before Sunday schools, and national schools, and infant schools, had driven them from their homes in the hearts and imaginations of England's simple peasantry;—in those days when the active, industrious maiden would, on awaking in the morning, find "a tester in her shoe," and the lazy sloven who had been sleeping when she ought to have been working would be "pinched black and blue;"—when joy was often turned to grief, and mourning to gladness, by fairy agency: there lived in a village in the west of England a young man named Robert, or as he was commonly called, Robin Maynard. He was the son of poor parents who died when he was very young. But the little orphan was not deserted; his uncle, William Maynard, received him under his humble roof, and brought him up with a father's care.

Robin was taught to read and write at the village school, and, as soon as he was old enough to work, his uncle began to instruct him in his own trade, which was that of a shoemaker.

As Robin was a clever, industrious lad, he was able in the course of a few years to be very useful, and, by his attention and diligence, to make some return for the kindness which he had received from his uncle during the years of his helpless infancy. William Maynard was very fond of his nephew, and loved to look forward to the time when he would be a comfort and support to his old age. But this time was never to arrive. William was taken suddenly ill; earthly help was vain, and, before many days had elapsed, Robin followed to the grave the remains of his kind uncle.

It is a sad feeling to awake in the morning with an undefined sensation of grief lying cold and heavy at the heart, and gradually, as the memory awakens, and the perceptions become more clear, to feel, as the mournful truth presents itself by degrees to the mind, that the dreams of the night, gloomy though they were, were not so dark as the sad reality.

Such were the feelings of Robin when he opened his eyes, and gazed around the desolate apartment, on the morning after his uncle's funeral. He had lost all that was most dear to him in this world, and he felt that he was indeed alone.

But he was not of a disposition to give way to useless despondency. He thought how much cause he had to be thankful that so kind a friend had been spared him for so many years, and he felt more than ever grateful to that friend for having brought him up in habits of industry and self-denial.

Robin now set himself seriously to consider his present situation, and to arrange his plans for the future. He was nineteen years of age, strong and active, and an excellent workman; he certainly was but young to commence business for himself, but yet he did not despair of success: he trusted that his uncle's old friends would not desert his nephew, and he resolved it should not be his fault, if those who employed him were not satisfied. He soon found his best hopes realized; he was honest and

obliging, and moreover he was the only shoemaker in the village. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that work came in rapidly.

Now Robin was not only a very good workman, but he was also a very good-looking young man. His figure was tall and well proportioned, and he had a bright eye, and white teeth, and dark hair which fell in rich curls over a smooth open forehead, and, as he sat by his cottage door, on a summer evening, singing at his work, it may readily be supposed that many a bright eye peeped from beneath its dark fringe, and many a rosy lip disclosed the pearly teeth within, as it parted in a smile of greeting to the handsome young shoemaker, as the village maidens passed and repassed, on their various errands of business or pleasure. Robin had a funny smile and a merry jest ready for all, but, after they were gone, he returned to his work and his song, with a heart as light and as free as ever. Yet there was one gentle, quiet girl, perhaps the only one who took no notice of Robin, and, probably for that very reason, because she did not look at him, he was particularly anxious to look at her. But this is not a love story, therefore the sooner we come to an end of this part of our tale the better. Suffice it to say, that "where there is a will there is a way," and Robin's will was to become acquainted with the pretty Alice and to make her his wife. All this in due time he accomplished.

And now, instead of sitting alone in his porch on a summer's evening at his solitary labor, Robin had a pleasant companion always with him, to lighten his toil with her cheerful conversation. And, while he worked with his awl and his last, she would sit by his side, and ply her needle with skilful, busy fingers.

CHAPTER II.

Robin and his wife were very happy; they loved one another, and they were general favorites amongst their neighbors, and Robin's business went on prosperously.

But clouds will arise in the brightest sky. After they had been married nearly a year, an infectious fever broke out in the village. Alice, who had recently become a mother, and could not leave the house at the time, escaped the disorder; but Robin, trusting too much to the strength of his constitution, would not be persuaded to take precautions. He went constantly to the houses of his sick neighbors, bringing them such assistance as his own slender means would allow him to give; and, in some cases, where the nurses had fallen victims to the disease, and others were afraid to undertake the dangerous office, he remained night and day in attendance upon the sufferers. At length his strength failed, and he was seized with a violent attack of fever.

For many days there appeared to be scarcely a hope of his recovery. At length, however, the disorder took a favorable turn, but he was reduced to such a state of weakness, that his life seemed but to hang upon a thread.

Weeks, months passed away, and still Robin was feeble and weak, and quite unfit for any exertion, either mental or bodily. During the time of suffering and danger, Alice's thoughts were too much occupied with the dread of losing her beloved husband, for any other fear to enter her heart; but, now that his life was no longer in danger, and she could direct her attention to outward circumstances, sad truths began to force themselves upon her mind.

For months, Robin had been unable to work; consequently, for months he had earned nothing. All the little he had saved during his prosperity had been spent in relieving the wants of his sick neighbors; and now there was a doctor's bill, and house rent, to be paid, and nothing to pay them with. They sold all they could possibly spare of their furniture, and even their clothes, to pay the doctor. Their landlord waited—as long as most landlords will wait for a poor tenant; that is, till he could get a better—and then he told them he should take possession of their remaining furniture for his rent, and that they must quit his house that day week.

It was on the eve of the day on which Robin and his wife, and their helpless babe, were to be cast houseless wanderers on the wide world. It was also on the eve of the first anniversary of their wedding-day. They sat together before the dying embers of a wood fire; it was a gloomy evening in November; the rain beat heavily against the casement, and the wind howled through the leafless boughs; and Robin shuddered as he looked at his gentle Alice and her babe, and thought of the morrow. They were silent, for they had only sorrow to speak of, and each feared to add to the grief of the other, by giving utterance to sad thoughts. Alice was slowly rocking the cradle of her sleeping infant with her foot, and, as she looked on its calm, peaceful little face, large tears coursed one another down her pale cheek. She was startled from her melancholy reverie by a sudden exclamation from Robin—

"I have found it out, Alice! I have found it out!" he cried, as he snatched a burning brand from the hearth, and held it so as to throw its red light upon the part of the floor immediately before the place where he sat. Alice gazed at him as if she thought his troubles had turned his brain. But what that was which he had "found out," must be reserved for another chapter.

CHAPTER III.

The floor of the cottage in which Robin Maynard lived, was paved with large flat stones, and on one of these was an inscription, which not only had the simple occupants of the cottage failed to decipher, but which had been proof against the united learning of the school-master and the parish-clerk. It was as follows:

"Li. Ftm. Eup. Andy. O. Us. Ha. Lls. E. E."

"Wh. Ati. Shi. Dd. Eau. Nde. Rm. E."

As Robin's eye wandered vacantly over the floor, his glance had been suddenly arrested by the appearance of these letters. He had often pondered over them before, in vain, but now, they seemed all at once to arrange themselves into words.

"Look here, dear Alice," he said; "look at these letters; I have found out their meaning. See, you must spell them straight on, without minding the divisions, and only stop when you find that they form a word; thus L I F T spells *lift*, and so on; and you will see it makes—

'Lift me up and you shall see
'What is hidden under me.'

"Now depend upon it, Alice, there is a treasure concealed under this stone."

"At all events, dear Robin, it is worth while to raise the stone and see," replied Alice, though she did not appear quite so sanguine as to the result as her husband.

Robin began immediately to remove the earth from round the edges of the stone with his knife; and then, with the help of the iron bar, which he

took from the window-shutter for the purpose, he succeeded, at length, in displacing the heavy stone.

An exclamation of delight escaped from his lips as he did so, for he beheld underneath a small trap-door of iron, with an iron ring in the centre of it. "Now for the treasure, Alice!" he exclaimed, as he seized the ring, and pulled at it with all his might. But almost before the words were uttered, he fell to the ground, almost blinded and almost suffocated. The trap-door had yielded at once to his touch—thus the violence of the effort had caused his fall; his momentary suffocation and blindness were occasioned by a tremendous gust of wind, laden with dust and sand, which rushed through the aperture.

Robin soon recovered his presence of mind, and, clearing the blinding dust from his eyes as well as he was able, he gazed around, with wonder not unmixed with awe.

The room, which a moment before was in utter darkness, for the wind had extinguished the blazing wood, was now filled with a soft yet brilliant light. It was not moonlight, it was too bright; it was not daylight, it was too soft and silvery; it was a pure unearthly radiance, which pervaded the whole apartment, and in the centre there stood a figure.

It was that of a man, aged, but not decrepid; his height did not exceed one cubit; his form was of the most perfect symmetry; his countenance was calm and beautiful, and his long white hair fell in soft ringlets over his shoulders. He was clad in a tunic of bright green, which descended in graceful folds to his feet, and was confined at the waist by a zone of sparkling diamonds, from which proceeded the light that streamed through the apartment. In his right hand he held a small wand, and the other was raised, as if to command attention.

Robin and Alice remained in breathless silence, waiting till their wonderful visitor should speak. Presently his lips moved, and in a soft, low kind of chant, he uttered these words:

"Mortal, thou hast sought me, thou hast found me; what is thy will?"

"Who, and what art thou, beautiful stranger?" said Robin.

"I am thy guardian fairy; I was present at thy birth; my protection was invoked by thy dying parents, and I have watched over thee ever since."

"And why, kind fairy, have I not beheld thee before?"

"Because thou hast not before stood in need of my aid; I know thy wants; I know that thy sorrow has not been brought on by sin or imprudence; therefore I am here to assist thee."

Robin would have expressed his gratitude, but the fairy again raised his hand in token of silence, and proceeded—

"It is in my power to grant thee three requests; one at the present time; the other two, on the same day, and at the same hour, two successive years. But, beware! *There is one wish forbidden*, and shouldst thou ask that, all which thou hast gained before will be lost, and my power to grant any further wish of thine will be gone."

"And what," inquired Robin, "is this forbidden request? Tell me that I may avoid it."

"I may not tell it," replied the fairy; "but I will give thee a rule, by following which thou wilt be in no danger. It is this, '*be moderate in thy desires, and do as thou wouldst be done by.*' Attend to this, and all will be well. Name thy first wish."

Robin considered for a moment, and then said, "Give me wealth sufficient to support myself and

family in ease and comfort, and to enable me to relieve the wants of those who suffer, as I have done, from poverty."

The fairy's brilliant girdle beamed yet more brightly, and a smile of satisfaction illumined his countenance, and he said, "'Tis well! thy wish is granted. Farewell." And the light gradually faded away, and the beautiful being seemed to dissolve itself into darkness.

"Was it only a dream?" said Robin.

Alice struck a light, and they looked, first at one another, and then around the gloomy apartment. No change was visible, the large stone had returned to its place, and bore no trace of having been disturbed, and the inscription looked as unintelligible as ever.

"Was it but a dream! No, it could not be a dream," added Robin; "and yet I thought the fairy would show us a treasure, or tap our cottage with his wand, and change it into a nice, comfortable house, or something wonderful of that kind, as fairies usually do."

"So did I, dear Robin; but let us trust him; he was so beautiful, and looked so good, I feel sure he will not deceive us. Let us go to rest as if nothing had happened, and we cannot tell what to-morrow may bring forth."

Robin sighed, as he thought what the morrow would bring, but too probably bring forth; however, like a wise man, he followed his wife's advice.

CHAPTER IV.

It was daylight, the clouds and storms of the preceding night had given place to a bright and beautiful morning, and, as the beams of the rising sun shone upon Robin's closed eyelids, he awoke. He gazed around him—he closed his eyes—he opened them again—he looked once more;—yes, he was indeed awake. Yet, could it be real? There he lay on a soft bed of down, hung with rich curtains of many-colored tapestry, in a spacious and luxuriously-furnished apartment; and there was his dear Alice sleeping peacefully by his side. The fairy had not deceived them. "Wake up, my love!" cried Robin joyfully, "wake up and see what the fairy has done for us."

So, indeed, it was. They found themselves transported into a delightful mansion, with everything around them that moderate wealth could supply, or moderate wants require.

Robin drew aside the heavy folds of the curtain, and, putting on a dressing-gown and slippers, which lay ready for his use, he walked to one of the windows, and looked forth. Below him lay a beautiful garden, with its closely shaven lawns, smooth gravel walks, and beds filled with the choicest flowers; for, though the autumn was far advanced, the house and grounds lay in such a warm, sheltered nook, with hills on the east, and woods on the north that the summer seemed to linger there as if it loved the spot; and the sun still called forth, with his genial rays, the fragrant breath of many a sweet-scented flower. When Robin had admired the lovely garden, and gazed at the pleasant landscape beyond, he turned to examine more minutely the wonders within. On his right hand he saw a door, on opening which he found himself in a dressing-room, fitted up with everything needful for a gentleman's toilet. On one side was a wardrobe, filled with clothes of all descriptions; there were great coats and little coats, dress coats and plain coats, piles of snowy linen, and whole regiments of boots

and shoes, which he examined with the eye of a critic, and pronounced most excellent.

When Robin and Alice met, after they had both completed their morning's toilet, they were at first so astonished at the alteration in each other's appearance, that they could not find words to express their admiration. Alice had been lovely in her husband's eyes in the coarse and toil-worn garb of poverty. Now he beheld her radiant in smiles, her graceful figure displayed to the utmost advantage by a closely-fitting robe of dark silk, and her soft cheek looking softer still, shaded by the rich lace of her morning cap, which confined, without concealing, the luxuriant tresses of her golden hair; and, as Robin embraced her, he thought her lovelier than ever—dearer she could not be!

CHAPTER V.

At this moment Robin and his wife heard tap—tap—tap on the floor, just behind them, and, looking round, they beheld their friend the fairy.

"Mortal," he said, "I have visited thy world again, because there are some things of which it is necessary I should inform thee. Know then, that, foreseeing what thy first wish would be, I had, before I appeared to thee, purchased this mansion, and all belonging to it, from its owner, in thy name. I placed servants here, and yesterday, assuming thy form, I took possession of it; therefore thy arrival here will excite no surprise amongst thy fellow-mortals. Now follow me." The fairy pointed to a particular fold of the rich tapestry, with which the walls of the room were hung, and desired Robin to draw it aside. He obeyed, and beheld a small door of carved oak; the fairy presented him with a key, and bade him unlock it. He did so, and it flew open; beyond he saw, at the end of a short passage, a stone, bearing the same inscription as that in the cottage; at his approach it slowly raised itself, disclosing a flight of steps. The fairy descended, and Robin followed, lighted by the brilliant girdle; another door opened, and Robin found himself in a small vaulted chamber, in which stood ten empty chests; the fairy struck each in succession with his wand, and it was filled with gold coins. Robin's eyes sparkled with delight, but he restrained the strong inclination which he felt to fill his pockets, and the fairy again spoke.

"Behold," he said, "all this is thine. Use it, but do not abuse it; and, on the next anniversary of the wedding-eve, as the clock strikes twelve, thou shalt find me here. I shall then replenish these coffers, and I shall be ready to grant thy *second wish*."

As he concluded these words the fairy disappeared, and Robin, with some difficulty, groped his way back to the room he had left.

Here he found Alice waiting for him, and they proceeded down stairs. A door was open, and entering, they found themselves in a well-furnished breakfast parlor; a cheerful fire burnt in the grate, and on a table lay preparations for a repast, which, when we consider that they had had but a slender dinner, and no supper the day before, we may suppose was far from an unpleasant sight.

Whilst the servant was placing on the table all the *et ceteras* which, in those days, were required to complete a substantial morning meal, Robin had been standing at a door which opened out on the lawn, again admiring his beautiful garden, and inhaling the delicious perfume of the roses which clustered round the trellised porch; suddenly he exclaimed,

"Look, Alice, it seems we are not the only in-

habitants of this place; see, there is a nurse and child in the garden; and walking about as if they had a right to be there," he added, rather discontentedly.

Before he had finished speaking, Alice had sprung through the open door, and was pressing the infant to her bosom, and covering it with kisses. The mother's heart had told her what a father's eye had failed to discern. It was her own babe, as much changed for the better, in outward appearance, as its parents; but, in the midst of all the lace and embroidery, one glance had discovered to her that it was her own dear little Robin.

This was all that was wanted to complete the happiness of both parents, and they sat down to their breakfast with thankful hearts.

After breakfast was over, Robin and Alice proceeded to examine their newly-acquired possessions. Whilst Alice was wandering from room to room, admiring one thing, and trying to discover the use of another, amongst the costly and elegant luxuries with which she was surrounded, and bestowing due praise upon all the household arrangements, Robin visited the stable, tried the horses; and explored his delightful gardens and pleasure grounds, from one end to the other.

CHAPTER VI.

Time passed on; Robin and Alice became, by degrees, accustomed to their new way of life, but it did not lose its pleasures, though it lost some of its novelty.

Amongst the many enjoyments which they derived from their change of circumstances, was the possession of books. Of these, at first, they could understand but little; but, as they read more, their minds became better informed, and their desire for knowledge increased; and they both enjoyed the long winter evenings, when, whilst Alice sat at her work, Robin read aloud to her some book of amusement or instruction.

In the course of a few weeks they became acquainted with several families who lived in their neighborhood. Nor were the poor forgotten; they constantly devoted a large portion of their wealth to the relief of the sick and indigent.

Respected by the rich, blessed by the poor, the Maynards of "Fairy Hill Court," were general favorites. Months passed on, and still they were happy and beloved.

At length the time drew near when the fairy's second visit was to be made, Robin's second wish to be heard, and his not yet empty coffers replenished.

It was evening; the supper—for in those days supper was the most cheerful and pleasant meal of the day—the supper had been removed; Robin and his wife sat by the blazing fire. Robin had not taken up his book to read as usual, and Alice had allowed her work to drop listlessly from her hand. Robin thought of their situation at that time the year before; of the anxiety, the cold, the hunger, they had endured, and then he looked around at the comforts of his happy home; and his heart was full.

"Alice, my love," he at length said, "what are you thinking of? You do not look as if you felt as happy as I do."

"Yes, dear Robin, I am happy," replied Alice, "very happy."

"Then why do you look so very serious?" said Robin, half playfully, and half anxiously, as he

passed his arm round her slender waist, and gently drew her towards him.

"I have been thinking," replied Alice, "of one thing in which we have not quite followed the fairy's injunctions."

"What can that be, my love? Surely we have been moderate in our desires; and consider how much we have given to the poor—what is wanting yet?"

"Why, I will tell you, Robin, what I have been thinking about; it has pressed heavily upon my mind for some time. Do you remember your old friend, Walter Collins, the carpenter, whom you always liked so much, who helped to nurse you when you had the fever; and his wife, poor Mary, who took care of my baby, while I was too much engaged with your illness to attend to it as much as usual, and it was pining, and I believe would have died, but for her kindness! Well, during all our prosperity, we have never once thought of them."

"You are right, Alice, we have not 'done as we would be done by.' But how can we repair our neglect? Shall we seek them out, and give them half the contents our treasure chests next year?"

"That would be a very good plan," rejoined his wife, smiling, "but I think I know a better."

"Do you? Well, let us hear it."

"Why, you know, dear Robin, this night at twelve o'clock you are to make your second request."

"I have it!" interrupted Robin, "I will ask the fairy to make them as rich as we are, and to bring them here that we may have them for neighbors. You know that beautiful house which has been uninhabited ever since we have been here—'Elfin Lodge' it is called: how delightful it would be for them to find themselves there some fine morning!"

"Yes, how I should like to be invisible, in some corner, to enjoy their surprise," rejoined Alice; "and only fancy," she added, laughing, "how Walter would stare about him, and then begin to handle all the pretty things with his dirty fingers! And then, how happy poor Mary would be! I hope this is not a forbidden request."

CHAPTER VII.

Before twelve o'clock, Robin took out his golden key, and hastened to the vaulted chamber.

Punctual to his promise, the fairy appeared as the hour sounded. He filled the coffers as before, and then Robin made known his wish. The bright zone shone more brightly than ever, and, with an approving smile, he pronounced the welcome words, "'Tis well, thy request is granted!" and vanished.

The next morning symptoms of a recent arrival were visible at Elfin Lodge. Smoke was seen curling through many chimneys, and servants hurried to and fro. Robin and Alice lost no time in renewing their acquaintance with their old friends. They were not at first recognized by Walter and his wife, but they soon made themselves known. After the expressions of mutual satisfaction at meeting were over, Collins endeavored to account for the change in his circumstances by pretending that a fortune had been left him by a distant relative. Robin felt disappointed in his friend, but he was too generous to inform him of the part he had himself taken in occasioning his good fortune.

Walter was of course anxious to know how the

change in Robin's affairs had been brought about, and Robin, after exacting a promise of secrecy, told him all that had taken place, only suppressing the part which related to Walter and Mary.

There are some flowers, which, as long as they remain in their native shade, with their blossoms only peeping forth, with drooping head and closed petals, from beneath the shelter of their thick foliage, appear brightly tinted and sweet; but, when the sun shines on them and draws them forth from their hiding place, and they unfold their leaves, and raise their modest heads to the light of day—all their beauty, all their fragrance is gone, and the unfolded petals only disclose the hollowness within.

So it was with the character and temper of Walter Collins. While he was poor and neglected, he was humble, and, when he had nothing to give, he was good-natured; but no sooner had the sun of prosperity shone upon him than he became proud and hard-hearted.

This change, however, did not show itself all at once; it came on by degrees, and the warm-hearted Robin and his gentle wife were little inclined to think ill of their old friend.

The neighbors were on the most intimate terms; the gentlemen hunted, and fished, and dined together; and the ladies walked, and worked, and talked together; on the whole, things went on pleasantly enough for a time. Robin, it is true, felt vexed sometimes that Walter seemed to take so little interest in his plans for promoting the comfort and improvement of his poorer neighbors; and Alice would have been glad, if Mary had not been always poorly or busy, when she asked her to accompany her in her visits to the abodes of suffering and want.

At length the fatal pride and envy, which were gradually gaining possession of Walter's heart, began to show themselves in many ways. Whatever the Maynards had, the Collinses were never satisfied till they could procure something better and more costly. Nor was this all; though Walter did not in direct terms betray Robin's secret, yet he was so desirous of degrading him in the eyes of their mutual friends, that he was continually letting fall mysterious hints concerning his former life, so that an idea by degrees prevailed, that there was *something not right* about the Maynards, and they found themselves looked upon with an eye of suspicion and distrust.

All this was a source of deep grief and anxiety to Robin and Alice. At first they endeavored by kindness and good offices to win back their friend; but the more they tried to conciliate him, the more insolent and overbearing he became.

By degrees somewhat of this bad spirit began to communicate itself to Robin, and though still far more sinned against than sinning, yet he was not entirely free from blame. The constant indulgence of this envious rivalry between the two families was also a heavy tax upon Robin's purse; and he found every month that he could spare less and less to his poor pensioners.

CHAPTER VIII.

Things were in this state, and the year was drawing to a close, when Robin and Alice received an invitation to a grand entertainment which Walter was about to give in honor of the christening of his first son. Alice was prevented, by a slight indisposition, from being of the party; and, indeed, she was not sorry for the excuse to remain away,

for her intercourse with the Collins family had become anything but pleasant to her.

As Robin bade his wife farewell, she begged him not to forget to return before twelve; "for remember," said she, "to-night your *third* request is to be made." Robin sighed, as he thought how much happier and better he had been a year before, and he said almost sullenly, "I shall ask nothing more."

When Robin arrived at Elfin Lodge, he found preparations on a most magnificent scale for a splendid banquet. His host received him in the presence of the other guests with a condescending air, and then utterly neglected him. Well would it have been for both had he continued to do so; but, after dinner, when the ladies had retired, and Walter had, in some degree, become heated with the wine which was circulating freely, he seemed to delight in making Robin the object of his insolent sarcasms; sneer succeeded sneer, and one insulting jest was followed by another. Robin's generous forbearance was attributed to cowardice, and only served to embitter Walter's unmanly attacks upon his character and conduct. At length, when some coarse personality, directed against Robin, had drawn upon him the ridicule of the now half-intoxicated guests, he leaned across the corner of the table which separated him from Collins, and said in an under tone, "Do not carry this too far, Walter, or you may repent it."

Walter started from his seat, pale with rage; and, pointing with his outstretched finger to Robin, he exclaimed, "Listen, my friends; this base-born scoundrel threatens me! he tells me I shall repent. Look at him; and I will tell you *who he is*, who dares to insult a gentleman in his own house! He is a foundling brat, brought up to the trade of a cobbler, and rescued from starvation by a fairy-godfather."

A smile of contempt passed from one guest to another, and they looked as much as to say—"I thought so!"

But they had no time for comments. Robin, who was now as much beside himself with passion as his enemy, had also risen from his seat, and, with his eyes flashing and lips quivering, he cried—"Coward! I do not hurl thee from thy pinnacle of pride, and crush thee in the dust, because I have sweeter vengeance in store. *Think of me to-morrow!*" Saying this he strode from the apartment.

Walter concealed his inward trepidation under a smile of derision; and, turning to an attendant, ordered him to "see that man safe out of the premises."

Robin walked rapidly home with "a fire in his heart, and a fire in his brain." He arrived at his own house just as the hour of twelve was sounding from the clock of the village church. All was calm and peaceful around; the soft moon-beams played over the ivy-clad tower, and glittered on the white graves below; but Robin heeded it not; on he rushed with frantic steps, and at length he reached the vaulted chamber. The fairy was already there. Robin paused not to observe the dim light of the starry belt, or the mournful expression of his visiter's countenance; but, with a voice hardly articulate from passion, he exclaimed—"I demand of thee to take from Walter Collins the wealth he has so misused, and plunge him in his former poverty."

The light waned yet more dim; and the fairy's

countenance assumed an awful sternness, as he said—"Thy wish is granted!"

The fairy disappeared; and Robin sank down in a state of insensibility upon the stone floor.

CHAPTER IX.

But too soon, alas! Robin recovered from his trance. It was morning; and, as he by degrees recovered his senses and looked around, he became aware of the dreadful change which had taken place.

He lay on his old mattress, in his old cottage, surrounded by poverty and want. Poor Alice was calmly sleeping, unconscious of the sorrow that awaited her. The wailings of her child aroused her from a dream of peace and joy. She gazed at the sad scene too much bewildered fully to comprehend it; but the mournful truth was soon too evident to her; and Robin, amidst tears and bitter self-reproaches, told her all that had happened—how he had fostered and indulged his growing hatred of Walter, till it was ready to burst forth at the first provocation; and how, blinded by passion, he had forgotten the fairy's precept, and wished the fatal wish—*Ill to his neighbor*.

Alice could not restrain her tears, but she loved her husband too well to reproach him with an error of which he had already so deeply repented. She arose from her humble couch, attired herself once more in the coarse garments of poverty, and then endeavored by her caresses to soothe the clamorous sorrow of her little boy, who was crying loudly for his breakfast.

Whilst Alice was thus employed, she was startled by something falling at her feet; and, to her great joy, she beheld her purse. How it came there she never knew. Probably the fairy had relented so far as to grant this small supply for their immediate wants; it contained two or three gold coins and some silver. Little, indeed, but yet sufficient to save them from perishing with want before Robin could earn anything by his labor.

Alice took from her small hoard as much as was necessary to purchase some bread, and went to the nearest baker's shop. The baker was a stranger, and, of course, did not recognize her; but, as she was returning, she met one of her former neighbors, who greeted her with—"So, you are come back again, Mistress Maynard; well, you don't look much better off than before you went." Alice simply said, "We have again been unfortunate." The neighbor shrugged his shoulders, and bade her good morning, and Alice proceeded home.

And what became of Walter and Mary Collins? The same sad change had taken place in their circumstances. They had opened their eyes that morning on a scene of squalid misery, far worse than that to which Robin and Alice were reduced.

Walter had been carried, the previous night, to his luxurious couch, stupefied by intoxication. When he recovered his consciousness, his aching head was resting on a pillow of straw, in a dreary, wretched apartment; his ears were assailed by the bitter complaints of his wife, and the cries of his helpless little ones. Woe and wailing were around him, remorse and despair in his heart. Not only was Walter reduced to his former poverty, but he had not received the small relief which had been granted to the good Alice, by the restoration of her purse. Besides this, both Walter and Mary had, during their prosperity, given way to sloth and self-

indulgence; therefore they were quite unfitted for any exertion.

Mary could do nothing but weep, and Walter sat in sullen silence, resting his burning temples on his hands, and only occasionally rousing himself, to silence, with fierce threats, the importunities of his hungry children.

The day was far advanced, and things were still in the same sad state, when a gentle knock was heard at the door. "Come in," said Walter, in a surly tone. The latch was raised, and Alice stood before them.

"Are you come to mock our sorrows?" exclaimed Walter, bitterly.

"God forbid!" replied Alice; "but I bring you food, and money to buy more," and she handed a basket to Mary, who was instantly surrounded by her famishing children, who with clamorous eagerness seized and devoured the bread which she distributed amongst them.

Walter looked on with a morose and gloomy countenance. It was a hard struggle between his pride and his wants. But hunger prevailed, and he received the food which Alice had brought, though not with thanks, yet with a sort of sullen resignation.

On her return Alice found her husband busily employed; during her absence he had procured some materials, and now he had set in good earnest to work at his old trade.

When it was known that Robin was come back, he soon got plenty of work. The shoemaker who had set up in his absence was idle and drunken, and, finding that no one would employ him after Robin's return, he went away to try his luck elsewhere.

CHAPTER X.

Time rolled on; and when the end of the year approached, it found Robin and his wife contented, and in tolerably prosperous circumstances. They had been able by degrees to supply the place of most of the furniture, which during their former distress they had been obliged to part with; and their cottage had again assumed a neat and cheerful aspect. Robin would have been quite happy, but remorse kept its place in his heart, and he could not be at rest; and whenever he beheld the care-worn, sorrowful faces of Walter Collins and his wretched wife, and half-naked little ones, he felt that no sacrifice would be too heavy, if by it he could restore to them what, in a moment of anger, he had deprived them of.

Again the anniversary of the memorable day had arrived. The frugal supper had been removed, and the small oaken table drawn near to the fire, and by it sat Robin and his beloved Alice.

Robin was a wiser and a better, though a sadder man. He had learned how a fault, committed in a moment of unguarded passion, may destroy that peace which the repentance of a whole life cannot restore. "What would I not give," he said, "if the fairy would but grant me one more request!"

"Dearest Robin, you would not ask—"

"I would not ask for worldly riches," interrupted Robin; "no, I would entreat him to give me back my peace—to destroy this demon which is gnawing at my heart, by restoring to poor Walter, and his helpless babes, the wealth which in an evil hour I took from them; but it is all in vain; and Robin covered his face with his hands, and sighed deeply.

"Robin," said Alice, after a long silence, "the

fairy told us he would not answer again to your call, or grant any future request of yours; but he did not say he would not come if I sought him, or grant my wish. Suppose I were to raise the stone."

"You, Alice! you could not move that heavy stone."

"I will try, at least," said Alice, and she proceeded to remove the earth from the edge of the stone, as she had seen her husband do on a former occasion.

Scarcely had she commenced her efforts, when the stone began to move, and in another moment it slowly rose from its resting-place. Alice drew up the trap door, and the fairy stood before her, repeating the same words as before, in the same soft cadence, "Mortal! thou hast sought me, thou hast found me; what is thy will?"

Alice was so much overcome by surprise and delight at the success of her attempt, that all she could do was to burst into tears, repeating the name of Walter—

"Listen!" said the fairy. "It is in my power to grant to thee *but one wish*. It is only to those

who have been placed under my special care that I can grant three requests. I give thee permission to reconsider thy wish, and to consult with thy husband, before thy final decision is made. Remember, if I restore Walter Collins to wealth at thy desire, thou wilt be left in poverty."

"Poverty is light compared to the weight of an uneasy conscience," said Robin. "We have enough for our wants, only give me back my peace. Ask him, dear Alice, to restore Walter's wealth to him, and we will be happy in our poverty."

The request was made, and the welcome words, "T is well, thy wish is granted," were heard with unmixed joy by the now happy couple. But the fairy did not vanish as usual; he remained gazing on them with a beaming countenance. Once more he spoke, and these were his words: "Mortals! Though I had only the power to grant to thee one request, I have yet the power of bestowing upon thee a boon unasked; I therefore give thee back all that thou hast lost! and thou art worthy to enjoy it, for thou hast learnt to be moderate in thy desires, and to do as thou wouldst be done by. Farewell!"

THE NEW PRUSSIAN DIET.

THERE is something exquisitely maternal in King Frederick William's manner of lecturing his new parliament on its "coming out." It is exactly the manner of a matron whose daughter is just married and starting in life. The good lady is in a panic of contending fears lest the poor child should forget something; and cannot refrain from endless instruction as to all the possible contingencies, the trials and temptations, the duties and maxims, of wedded life. And so she goes on, till she is brought up by the dreadful thought that the child may begin to think herself a woman, may have opinions, may forget her place, and her first duty—obedience.

So it is with poor King Frederick William. He crows over "the costly jewel of freedom," which he bestows upon his Prussian lieges thirty years after date, as if nothing so fine ever had been bestowed; but then he is cut short by the fear that the diet will make *too* free, and falls to lecturing it on behavior. Nothing, he proclaims, shall ever make him forget "the natural relation between prince and people;" and he enjoins them not to forget that Prussia must "only be guided by one will:" the crown "must govern according to the law of God and the land, and its own free, unbiassed resolution;" it "cannot and dares not govern according to the will of the majority." The orders in the diet are free to defend their own rights, *as orders*; they may exercise the rights recognized by the crown—in other words, they are free to do what they may; they may petition—after mature deliberation; and they may advise—when asked for their advice. Also they may consent to taxes. These things constitute their "glorious vocation." But they must not "peril the existence of the work" "by the impatient haste of beginners." It is not their province "to represent opinions," or "play the part of representatives of the people." "That," says the king, naively, "is wholly un-German."

Above all, they must not attend to the naughty press: the press despises "this jewel"—it "demands outright a revolution in church and state"—has counselled the diet to "acts of importunate ingratitude, of illegality, nay of disobedience!" And obedience is "the crowning virtue of freemen," saith the king. The press is his *bête noire*; it is

the toad at the ear of Eve: in these insidious counsellings and hints at representative government and opinion, he recognizes "the evil fruits of the evil tree." Half his first speech from the throne is a controversy with this wicked press. He seems to feel that unless he be on the alert his innocent diet may have "opinions."

Is it possible that King Frederick William can be creating a parliament, can be giving it to a great extent the key of the treasury, and can suppose that mere injunctions will make it content to be only a pageant—content to humor the king by conspiring with him to get up a show of free institutions, while continuing the practice of absolute government and passive obedience? Truly, that is the drift of his speech.

It must be read in conjunction with a very curious incident. Ronge, the sectarian leader, was seized on the 2d instant, under a sentence pronounced a year ago, and put in prison for *one month*—impounded while King Frederick William is meeting his first parliament! Was the king as much afraid of Ronge as he is of newspaper writers!

However, King Frederick William is a well-intentioned man, with much bonhomie; and he is doing better than he thinks for. Prussia has got her parliament without revolt: the opinions, the free press, and the popular representation will follow—even the worthy king sees them coming.—*Spectator*, 17 April.

THE queen has directed Lord Auckland to express to Don Bernardo Camp, the commander of the Spanish brig Emilio, who rescued the survivors of the Tweed, the satisfaction with which her majesty heard of his conduct; and to propose to him the acceptance of a medal, on which would be recorded the services which he rendered to the survivors of that unfortunate ship. She also directed that a grant of £500 should be made in a manner acceptable to that most gallant officer, to show the deep sense which her majesty and the government entertained of his heroic conduct.

MR. CORDEN has created quite a sensation at Naples. The king has given him a very flattering reception, and no fewer than 119 cards were left at his residence. There has been no public banquet.

From the Spectator.

LOSS OF THE TWEED.

SUCH events as those that befell the people of the Tweed steamship on the reef of Alacranes do not happen in vain. The tale points many a moral.

First, there was some want of preparation. The possibility of shipwreck ought to be ever present to the mind of the naval commander, not as a matter of fear, but as a matter of intellectual calculation and of discipline. Yet here there was not so much as an axe at hand to cut away the masts, and "a kind of penknife" was the substitute! Every land-lubber knows how deceptive are currents, how needful caution in dark, thick weather; yet here was the ship in full career, in the dark night, her course assumed to be that intended and calculated by log and compass. It seemed "all right" an instant before the vessel struck—half an hour before it was a heap of rubbish.

But the tale does not teach only by warning; it has its still more forcible reassurances. With admirable courage, the body of shipwrecked sufferers repelled every unworthy impulse of despairing peevishness or insubordination. Although they were thrown, not on a shore however inhospitable, but on a sunken rock in the ocean, with the wide waters all round, each accepted his set task with cheerful alacrity. New difficulties only suggested new devices and exertions: the work of the carpenter was performed with the worst of tools and materials—with shirts and pillow-cases to eke out the fault in the planking; with a boat thus patched up, the chief officer undertook a voyage of a hundred miles in quest of aid; a still to make fresh water was constructed on the loose raft; all, officers and men, continuing in their duty where baser spirits would have thought themselves absolved from effort by despair. The depth of misery served to display only a further depth of generosity in all, sufferers and rescuers; the leader of the rescuers came to share the peril that remained; and then would have refused reward. Even if all these exertions and sacrifices had failed of their direct object, they would not have been in vain; for they gave to the fainting heart the best of all cordials, sympathy, and the knowledge of the goodness which is in humanity; had death come, the sufferers would have expired with a sweet taste of existence. But the succession of all but hopeless devices succeeded; and by the tale of the Tweed men are again reminded that there is no situation so desperate but what energy and ingenuity, self-reliance and the generous fulfilment of mutual duty, may bring safety—even across the ocean and through the storm to men standing in waters on the forlorn sunken rock.

The Tweed was a vessel of 1,800 tons burden and 500 horse power. It left Havanna early on the 9th of February, for Mexico; having on board sixty-two passengers, including two ladies and a female servant; a crew, including officers, engineers and stewardess, to the number of eighty-nine; in all, 151 souls. The commander was Mr. Parsons, a master of much experience in the royal navy. The cargo comprised the mails from England, 1,115 bottles of quicksilver valued at £18,000, other packages, and a large quantity of coals for a queen's steamer at Vera Cruz. The ship was deep in the water. About noon on Wednesday the 10th of February, the wind began to freshen; and the night closed in black and stormy, with thunder and much lightning. On Thursday the weather was

dark and rough: no solar observation could be taken.

About half-past three on the morning of Friday the 12th, while the commander was pacing the deck, and the ship was under full steam, with sails set, one of the look-out men exclaimed, "Breakers ahead!" The engines were put back, and the helm was turned hard a-starboard; but the ship went on ahead, and grounded. The writer of the narrative jumped out of bed, snatched some clothes, and ran on deck; and through the gloom he saw the line of white breakers ahead, stretching away right and left. Mr. Parsons was asked—"What danger, captain?" He replied—"Never fear, she's going astern." "He must have meant the engines; for the ship herself never did, as in a few seconds more she went crash on the reef. She went over a little to leeward on first striking; then upright; and being raised by the swell, the way scarcely off her yet, she again crashed on the rocks with all her weight. This seemed fairly to dash her whole bottom in, sending the machinery, boilers and funnel up with a jerk some inches." The engines stopped, the steam escaping in clouds. The passengers and crew now crowded on deck, some almost naked, and but few dressed. "On striking the second time, the ship swung broad (port) side on the reef, and then fell over to windward. The sea then struck her, carrying away in a moment, as if they were feathers, the cutter, mail-boat, and dingy astern. She then reeled to leeward, and back to windward; each time the timbers underneath being heard to tear, crash, and give way with a fearful grating noise. The next sea dashed away the starboard paddle-box boat."

"The scene at this time was truly awful! The night was very dark, and piercing cold. Everywhere might be seen individuals clinging with all their strength, some to the masts, others to the sides, skylights, seats, boats, and rigging; the sea making a breach over all. Below, where all was dark, there seemed awful disorder; the lower decks breaking up; the bulkheads, cabins, furniture, &c., washing about; and screams of people in distress! Oh it was fearful! and being without power to assist made it worse. At this time I was near the captain, and said, 'What is to be done?' He said calmly, 'Hold on till daylight, if possible, as I hope she will keep together till then.' The funnel fell over to windward. The masts were seen to shake like willows, and Mr. Parsons called for "a knife," to cut them away: nobody had one; until at last "something like a pen-knife" was found, the lanyards were cut, and the masts went over. The two remaining boats on the lee-side, already filled with people, could not be moved, and could not have lived. No one knew where the ship was, but supposed it to be off the coast of Yucatan. The vessel was breaking away under the feet, no land in sight; and some might be heard uttering short prayers. Half an hour after the first alarm, the ship broke to pieces. The boats were lowered, and drifted astern; but they were without oars, and had been much damaged when swinging at the ship's side full of men. "One more sea sent all the after part of the ship, boats and all, flying in a thousand pieces; and all that had remained on it were scattered in the sea. The writer recollects being seated, with the captain and a few others, on a part of the ship's side to which the netting was attached, with the water up to our breasts. A fearful cry was heard, and the captain said, 'Oh, these poor men in the boats, they are gone! God

have mercy on them!" All was still. In a moment more, it seemed as if tons of broken wood were hurled on the top of us, and we were scattered and buried beneath the waves. Then came a fearful choking struggle with death—the prayer to God, thoughts of home, and struggles for life, all at the same moment!"

People clung to pieces of the wreck, and were thrown about at random in the boiling waves, until some, like the writer of the narrative, found themselves in rather smoother water. Somebody cried out that he could feel *the bottom*. "It was joyful news to hear him say he saw many people scattered about, standing on the wreck, which had grounded inside the surf. It was then about 4.30, A. M. A few of us crawled off the piece of wreck which had saved us; but the injured clung to it till a little daylight appeared, when they also crept on shore—no, not on shore, but on the reef, among wreck, water, and stones. When daylight fairly came, what a fearful picture was presented to our eyes! For at least a mile along the edge of the reef, inside the breakers, nothing was to be seen but wreck, piled up several feet in awful confusion—timbers, planks, doors, crushed boats, beds, trunks, baggage, barrels, seamen's chests, &c.; and all that remained in the surf of the once proud Tweed was the port side from the sponson to the figure-head, over which still stood the bowsprit and jib-boom, bending, as each sea covered it, like a reed. The wheel was still attached to the sponson, and the paddle-box boat still covered the paddle-box, all held together by the machinery and the shaft. To this portion of the ship there still clung about forty individuals, to whom we could render not the slightest assistance."

They now conjectured, and rightly, that they were on the Alacranes, a reef fifteen miles long by twelve broad, with deep water in the midst, and distant about sixty miles from the mainland of Yucatan. The reef is entirely under water, even at the lowest tide. The intended course of the ship lay thirty miles to the south of the reef; and her deviation is imputed to currents, which carried them against a fierce north wind. Most fortunate was it that they reached the reef at ebb-tide.

At daylight on the 12th, the people crept together to consult. It was bitterly cold; few had any clothing, and the first thing was to find some from the wreck. Next, they began to look after the remaining boats: there were three, but they were considered unserviceable.

At ten o'clock, *the tide was observed to be rising!* They again looked to the boats, and bravely resolved on exertion. They determined to repair the mail-boat, as the least damaged; though *that* had its entire stem torn away. They had lost the carpenter; they had no hammer, but used a copper bolt torn out of the timbers; their nails were plucked out of the pieces of the wreck; oars and sails were picked up; the officers—of whom, most fortunately, a large proportion had been spared—resumed the command, and gave direction to the labor. About this time some one picked up a *compass*; which had been torn by the water from the binnacle, was thrown on to the reef, and lay, uninjured, among the mass of wreck and stones, with not even the glass broken!

The boat was equipped. "A rough sort of bulkhead was made in the boat, about three feet from the bow; the space before it being stuffed full of anything which could be laid hold of, such as old blankets, pillow-cases shirts, &c. A piece of sail

was then covered over the broken bows and the fore part of the boat, extending under the bottom some five or six feet, and there nailed on, and fastened as well as possible. The other defects in the frail boat were tinkered up as much as possible, so that by four, P. M., she was thought fit to swim. Her mast and sail were found, and put on board, with half-a-dozen oars, a few bottles of wine, a ham, a bit of cheese, and a little oatmeal and flour; after which the chief officer was appointed to take charge of her, with six men and three other persons."

"As she moved away from us, many felt a sinking at the heart; her chance of being kept afloat over a hundred miles was very doubtful, and on her depended all our hopes."

Those remaining now noticed that the tide had risen eighteen inches. It became necessary to construct some sort of fabric whereon to take shelter. "As the pieces drifted near we secured them, and placed them one above another, anyhow, without any sort of order, or distinct idea at first what we could or should do. At last so many were piled up that we got on the top, above the water, and began to arrange it in something like order. It was squared as much as possible, and the flat boards laid along the top. The size might be ten feet square. There were no lashings to any part of it, as we had no rope. The few bottles of wine and odd provisions, &c., which we had gathered during the day, were placed on the top; by which time it began to come on dark, but still the tide was flowing." That day the refreshment was a little wine and oatmeal. A prayer-book was found, and a passenger read prayers. "How often we sounded round our frail raft to watch the tide! There was not room to lie down, but all huddled together in a sitting posture, as close as possible, to keep each other warm; still, the teeth chattering together, and limbs trembling with extreme cold, might be heard and felt everywhere. Some tried to talk in a cheering tone, but it was a faint attempt, and of no use; the heart was too sad, and the thoughts too gloomy; so each relapsed into silence, busy with his own sad reflections, and longing for the morning light."

On this raft they remained for five days and five nights. Each day they labored bravely at the task of self-preservation; adding spars and stones to the raft, picking up provisions and a few fish; and using their scanty but lucky stock of provisions and stimulants with wise economy. One article of their diet was a kind of ball made of flour, salt-water, wine, and a little treacle: this they called "Alacranes cake." The people left on the wreck tried to join those on the raft, but the greater number perished in the attempt. Ultimately there were collected on the raft sixty-nine persons; besides two live pigs and a sheep, a dead sheep, provisions, and a box of candles.

On the Sunday occurred a remarkable incident. "A writing-desk was found, and in one corner was a little box of about a dozen wax lucifer matches; but they were wet, and would not light. We stuck them in the flour to dry, but very near lost them: one of the Spanish passengers having seen the box there, pocketed the box, throwing away the matches. When this was discovered, a hue and cry was raised about the matches, on which our existence almost depended. The respectable portion of the Spaniards (some of them most worthy and kind gentlemen) assisted in the search at once; and at last we made the delinquent turn out the box, also a jar of preserves he had pocketed for his own use! He confessed having thrown the

matches out; and on searching we found them scattered in some holes of the raft. A few of them were picked up, and dried, and at last we struck a light! Oh, joyful news it was to all! We gave three cheers! A candle was lighted, and placed in an empty barrel, and a watch placed over it, with orders never to let it go out, by night or day. A piece of board lined with iron was found; and on this we soon had a fire blazing, having plenty of sticks at hand. The doctor and purser then got the dead sheep, skinned it in a most skillful manner with an old razor, and we soon had a portion of it cooked. A piece was served out to each man; and all declared they never tasted such excellent mutton. One 'tottle' of wine followed round to each. At noon we offered up our thanks to God for his goodness."

The engineers began a series of attempts to construct a still, in order to condense the salt water and render it fit for drinking. They first tried earthen jars; but they broke. With some copper vessel and lead pipes they succeeded; and next day they obtained a sort of distilled water.

About eleven o'clock on the 15th, some one cried "A sail!" It was a vessel. A brig was approaching the reef; it stopped outside the breakers, four miles off; and a canoe with eight men came to the raft.

The patched-up mail-boat had reached the land! When it left the reef on the Friday, those in it continued to row and sail gently along, across the reef, in great fear of running aground every moment and damaging her frail hull. "She touched often as she went along in the dark; but they were able always to clear her. The stem turned out not to be her frailest part, when once they got clear away; she leaked in so many places in the bottom, that two men bailing could scarcely keep her free; and had any of them stood up in her bottom, they would have gone through her. The chief officer sat with the compass between his knees in the dark, steering, but with great difficulty making out the points of the compass; only doing so by now and then getting a glimpse of the flourish round the north point." Out at sea, by sitting all well aft, they kept her bows out of water. By daybreak they had passed the small island of Perez. On Sunday, at dawn, they saw land a few miles off, and at the same time a brig in the offing. At first she avoided them, supposing the strange boat to be some piratical craft; and when the chief officer boarded her, he found all in confusion, the people standing to defend themselves with fire-arms. She proved to be the brig Emilio, a regular trader between Sisal and Havanna. She had been obliged to slip cables in the storm over-night, and had left her master, Señor Bernardino Camp, on shore; but the mate, Señor Villaverde, instantly returned to Sisal, to state the case to his commander. Señor Camp did not delay a moment, but—forgetting his cargo on the beach at Sisal, his appointed passengers, his insurance, and every selfish interest—set sail for the Alacrane.

The attempt to get the people off the reef proved to be no easy task; the boats surmounting the surf with difficulty, and having so far to go to the brig. Seventeen were put on board; seven narrowly escaped swamping; and a new course of action became necessary. The brig put out to sea during the dark; and the people passed one more night on the raft. Next day it was resolved to carry all the people in the canoe and small boat to the island of

Perez; where the brig could come close and take them on board. Mr. Parsons forbade anything to be carried but the clothes actually worn and a trifle of provisions; the living freight being in itself a heavy load for the boats. Two black pigs therefore were left, sole occupants of the raft; and Mr. Parsons was the last man to step from it. There were forty-two people in the canoe, ten in the small boat, and the voyage across the reef was one of danger; any moment might have frustrated all their pains and destroyed them. "The second officer took his stand in the bow of the canoe, as she was obliged to take the lead; and, assisted by one of the natives of Sisal belonging to the boat, with poles sounding, he kept a look-out for reefs and danger. Sometimes we used the oars, and at others the sail; the canoe often grating over the reefs, which made us shudder, till we had gone three or four miles in the dark, when we thought it best to come to an anchor, about eight, P. M." That was one of the worst nights passed in the reef.

Wednesday the 17th proved a lovely day, and the boats went smoothly on. At eleven they passed a small island; and at two they reached Perez. This is a kind of station to which the fishers of Campeachy and Sisal occasionally resort; and on it were some huts and butts of fresh water. It proved a paradise after five days and nights of suffering on the reef. The brig came round; in two trips the canoe put all on board; and on the following day they reached Sisal.

After a week's repose, the shipwrecked people embarked in the Emilio for Havanna, and arrived on the 3d of March. Here, struck by the noble conduct of Señor Camp and Señor Villaverde, the inhabitants got up a collection, and presented 4,000 dollars to them; the governor-general heading the subscription. They would have declined it; generously offering it for the benefit of the widows and families of the poor men lost in the Tweed. The British consul now interposed; assuring the two brave men that the countrymen of the sufferers "at home" would "do their duty."

THE Herald and Pandora surveying-vessels, now at Panama, are to proceed in the course of next month to the northward, to endeavor to meet Captain Sir John Franklin with the Erebus and Terror discovery-ships, who may be expected about the end of the year. It is understood that Captain Sir Edward Parry and Dr. Sir John Richardson have been to the Admiralty, to afford all the information they can of the route and the probable time they may be expected, should they succeed in making the voyage to the Pacific.—Globe.

SEVERAL Roman Catholic journals record a new miracle. According to the tale, the Virgin Mary appeared, on the 19th of September, 1846, to two shepherd boys, who were together on the mountain of La Salette, in the diocese of Grenoble. She spoke to each in his native tongue—to one in French, to the other in the German patois of the frontier; giving to each a very long exhortation on the want of diligence among the people of Corps, the village to which they belonged. She wore a wreath of roses; when she went away they saw that the grass did not bend under the pressure of her feet; she disappeared gradually, the light of her countenance dazzling them. On one spot where her foot rested a fountain sprang out, which has not since dried; and the water has proved a successful remedy for sick persons.

From the Edinburgh Review.

1. *A Brief Sketch of the Life of the late Miss Sarah Martin of Great Yarmouth: with Extracts from the Parliamentary Reports on Prisons; and her own Prison Journals.* 8vo. Yarmouth: 1844.
2. *Selections from the Poetical Remains of the late Miss Sarah Martin of Great Yarmouth.* 8vo. Yarmouth: 1845.

THE town of Great Yarmouth in Norfolk, which has been for many ages a place of considerable commercial importance, was originally a mere fishing-station. The men of the Cinque Ports, who were in early times the principal fishermen of the kingdom, used to assemble on that coast during the herring-season; and a sand-bank, situated at the mouth of an arm of the sea, which then flowed far into Norfolk, was their usual landing-place. There, upon the deanes, or *dunes*, by the sea-shore, they spread their nets to the sun, repaired their boats, and cured or otherwise disposed of their catch of fish. The recession of the sea, the convenience of the situation, and the periodical visits of a concourse of busy men, led to the permanent occupation of this bleak and barren spot. The rearing of a few huts for the residence of such handicraftsmen as could assist the fishermen in the repair of their barks and nets, and of such dealers as could supply their accustomed wants, was the first advance towards a settlement. The next was the erection of a little chapel upon a green, bent-covered hill in the sand, which was indiscreetly dedicated to the patron of black monks, Saint Benedict. Hence arose discord and confusion. The men of the Cinque Ports had probably begun to doubt the efficacy of the winds which they bought before they started upon their voyages; and, in lieu of the ancient application to the wise woman, now took with them a chaplain, some true clerk of St. Nicholas, the seaman's universal patron. The fisher-priest soon quarrelled with the clerk of St. Benedict upon the subject of oblations; and, as must have seemed likely from their respective habits of life, the worshipper of St. Nicholas "removed, expelled, and evil-intreated,"* his adversary. He probably even pulled down the little opposition chapel to the ground; for antiquarian diligence has never been able to discover the slightest trace of it. But the triumph of this vigorous stroke of conservative policy was short-lived. Some few years afterwards, a bishop of Thetford, the same who removed that see to Norwich, happened to be the king's chancellor, and a church-builder. He heard the Norfolk priest's cause in his equitable tribunal, and, with an appearance of kindness, as well as impartiality, settled the dispute, by himself erecting, not far from the mouth of the river Yare, a church so large, that both priests might officiate in it at separate altars! and, by way of compensation to the prescriptive rights of the men of the Cinque Ports, he dedicated the whole building to the true saint of the sea-shore, St. Nicholas. The church thus erected was rendered by subsequent additions one of the largest parish churches in England, and remained, until a comparatively recent period, the only church in Yarmouth.

Within the next hundred years after the settlement of this church question, the importance of Yarmouth increased rapidly, and, at the end of that time, the town was raised into the first rank of English municipalities by a royal charter, which conferred upon the burgesses a great variety of

privileges, and, amongst them, that of trying pleas of the crown, or criminal causes, "according to the law and custom of Oxford." Hence arose the necessity for a prison; and a building was erected for that use on the site of the present strange, grotesque, and in part ancient jail, whose ugliness seems intended to aid the law in exciting feelings of terror and aversion in the minds of evil-doers.

According to the theory of our ancestors, the people of Yarmouth had now advanced to the point of completeness as a borough. Law and gospel had each its representative amongst them. Their sanctions and their penalties were brought home to every man's own door. When men sinned, the church assessed a compensation to Heaven, in the shape of penances, and insisted upon external marks of contrition before the offender was permitted to resume his standing in the visible congregation of the faithful. When men committed crimes, the law mulcted them in pecuniary fines, or deprived them of their liberty, sequestered them from kirk and market, but, instead of aiming at reformation, or even at penitence, sought only punishment; secluded them in loathsome places of confinement; subjected them to the tyranny of ignorant, and often brutal keepers, who were responsible only for their safe custody; and herded them all together, whatever their ages, stations, or offences, without occupation, without instruction, and sometimes even unfed and unclad, save by the poor proceeds of a begging-box, the rattling of which invoked the charity of passers-by. Strange as this now seems, it continued for centuries. The church was the first to awake. She discovered that her outward penances were unavailing towards the rectification of the heart, and following out that principle, effected all the changes of the ecclesiastical reformation. There, for a time, the course of social improvement seemed stayed. The law, in spite of this glimmer of right reason in its sister institution, still held its ancient way. Jails were thought to be places by means of which men were to be intimidated from crime; but it was not seen, or the fact was disregarded, that *such* jails were mere academies of crime, and that, through their instrumentality, the law itself was the principal teacher of the science of law-breaking.

Yarmouth was one of the last places in the kingdom to become convinced of this fact. The town, however, increased in size and importance. A spacious quay afforded accommodation for the numerous fleet which carried the produce of Yarmouth fisheries, and the manufactures of Norwich, to the remotest quarters of the globe; noble mansions testified to the wealth of Yarmouth merchants; while no less than four hundred narrow lanes, locally termed *rows*, by which the principal streets are intersected at right angles, demonstrated the existence of a dense population. The whole place looked prosperous, cheerful, busy; and gay visitors flocked about, in search of health or pleasure, upon that very beach on which the men of the Cinque Ports had spread their nets. Still there stood that jail, with its long succession of corrupt and ever-corrupting inmates. Infinite changes and improvements had taken place around it, but within, the system of mismanagement remained almost untouched. Generation after generation passed along that narrow street, and looked with the outward eye upon that hideous abode of misery and guilt; but their feelings were so thoroughly engrossed by their own affairs, their merchandize or their farm, their pleasures or their griefs, that they remained

* Swinden's History of Yarmouth, p. 9.

mentally unconscious of the guilt which the continued existence of such a building and such a system was entailing upon society at large. And this continued down to the year 1819, and even much later. There was no schoolmaster, no chaplain, no attempt at occupation or reformation. "The doors were simply locked upon the prisoners. * * "Their time was given to gaming, swearing, playing, fighting, and bad language; and their visitors were admitted from without with little restrictions."* There was no divine worship in the jail on Sundays, nor any respect paid to that holy day.† There were "underground cells," (these continued even down to 1836,) "quite dark, and deficient in proper ventilation. The prisoners describe their heat in summer as almost suffocating, but they prefer them for their warmth in winter; their situation is such as to defy inspection, and they are altogether unfit for the confinement of any human being."‡ The whole place was filthy, confined, unhealthy; and its occupants were "infested with vermin and skin disease."§ Such a state of things could not continue forever. It is the great comfort and consolation of all persons who seek after social reformation that the abuses of society have within them a principle of decay, under the influence of which no power can long uphold them against the peaceable assaults of advancing civilization. Human impatience has often caused premature reformation, after many a hard struggle, to stop short of the point which might have been attained with ease, if the over-hasty hand could have been stayed, until the arrival of that "fulness of time" which the laws under which all human things exist are surely bringing about. At Yarmouth, that fulness of time was allowed to travel onwards at its slowest pace; but arrive it did at last, and then these iniquities fell before the touch of apparently the weakest instrument that could have been raised up to wield a lance against them.

In August, 1819, a woman was committed to the jail for a most unnatural crime. She was a mother who had "forgotten her sucking child." She had not "had compassion upon the son of her womb," but had cruelly beaten and ill-used it. The consideration of her offence was calculated to produce a great effect upon a female mind; and there was one person in the neighborhood of Yarmouth who was most deeply moved by it. She was a poor dressmaker: a little woman of gentle, quiet manners, possessing no beauty of person, nor, as it seemed, any peculiar endowment of mind. She was then just eight-and-twenty years of age, and had, for thirteen years past, earned her livelihood by going out to the houses of various families in the town as a day-laborer in her business of dressmaking. Her residence was at Caister, a village three miles from Yarmouth, where she lived with an aged grandmother, and whence she walked to Yarmouth and back again in the prosecution of her daily toil. This poor girl had long mourned over the condition of the inmates of the jail. Even as long back as in 1810, "whilst frequently passing the jail," she says, "I felt a strong desire to obtain admission to the prisoners to read the Scriptures to them; for I thought much of their condition, and of their sin before God; how they were shut out from society, whose rights they had violated, and how destitute

they were of the scriptural instruction which alone could meet their unhappy circumstances."—(*Life*, p. 11.) The case of the unnatural mother stimulated her to make the attempt, but "I did not," she says, "make known my purpose of seeking admission to the jail until the object was attained, even to my beloved grandmother; so sensitive was my fear lest any obstacle should thereby arise in my way, and the project seem a visionary one. God led me, and I consulted none but Him."—(*Ibid.*, p. 12.) She ascertained the culprit's name, and went to the jail. She passed into the dark porch which overhung the entrance, fit emblem of the state of things within; and no doubt with bounding heart, and in a timid modest form of application, uttered with that clear and gentle voice, the sweet tones of which are yet well remembered, solicited permission to see the cruel parent. There was some difficulty—there is always "a lion in the way" of doing good—and she was not at first permitted to enter. To a wavering mind, such a check would have appeared of evil omen; but Sarah Martin was too well assured of her own purposes and powers to hesitate. Upon a second application she was admitted.

There has been published an interesting account of Mrs. Fry's first entry into the female ward of Newgate. Locked up with viragos, amongst whom the turnkeys had warned her that her purse, her watch, and even her life, would be in danger, "she addressed them with dignity, power, and gentleness," and soon awed them into compliance with a code of regulations which there was a committee of ladies ready to aid her in carrying into execution. All this was very admirable, and, in its results, has been most beneficial. But Mrs. Fry was a woman of education, and had something of the dignified bearing of a person accustomed to move in the higher walks of life; she was also a practised speaker in the meetings of the religious community of which she was a member, and was supported by influential and well-tutored assistants. Sarah Martin's position was the reverse of this in every respect. "My father," she says, "was a village tradesman. I was born in June, 1791; an only child, deprived of my parents at an early age, and brought up under the care of a widowed grandmother," a poor woman of the name of Bonnett, and by trade a glover, at Caister. Sarah Martin's education was merely such as could be obtained at a village school; all her real information was acquired by self-tuition in after-life. At fourteen she passed a year in learning the business by which she was to earn her bread, and, after that time, being a superior workwoman, was constantly employed. She had no other preparation for becoming a jail-visitor than could be acquired from teaching a class in a Sunday-school, or from occasionally reading the Scriptures in the sick-ward in the workhouse. Without in any degree undervaluing, but, on the contrary, highly applauding the labors of Mrs. Fry, we think there was something far more simple, and far more nearly heroic, in the conduct of her humbler sister. Of Mrs. Fry's adventitious advantages Sarah Martin had none; but she had drunk deep into the spirit of that book, "which ever tells," she says, "of mercy," and in the strength of that spirit she proceeded, without confidant or companion, to convey comfort to those wretched outcasts.

The manner of her reception in the jail is told by herself with admirable simplicity. The unnatural mother stood before her. She "was surprised at the sight of a stranger." "When I told her," says Sarah Martin, "the motive of my visit, her guilt,

* *Life of S. Martin*, p. 27.

† *Ibid.*, p. 12.

‡ Report of Inspector of Prisons, Northern District, 1836, p. 67.

§ *Life of S. Martin*, p. 27.

her need of God's mercy, &c., she burst into tears, and thanked me!" Those tears and thanks shaped the whole course of Sarah Martin's subsequent life. If she had been rudely repelled, even her fortitude might have given away. But the messenger of mercy is ever welcome to those who feel their guilt, and the more guilty the more welcome, if the glad tidings be but kindly proclaimed. "I read to her," she adds, "the twenty-third chapter of St. Luke;"—the story of the malefactor, who, although suffering justly by man's judgment, found mercy from the Saviour.

Her reception at once proved the necessity for such a missionary, and her own personal fitness for the task; and her visit was repeated again and again, during such short intervals of leisure as she could spare from her daily labors. At first she contented herself with merely reading to the prisoners; but familiarity with their wants and with her own powers soon enlarged the sphere of her tuition, and she began to instruct them in reading and writing. This extension of her labor interfered with her ordinary occupations. It became necessary to sacrifice a portion of her time, and consequently of her means, to these new duties. She did not hesitate. "I thought it right," she says, "to give up a day in a week from dressmaking, * * * to serve the prisoners. This regularly given, with many an additional one, was not felt as a pecuniary loss, but was ever followed with abundant satisfaction, for the blessing of God was upon me."

Her next object was to secure the observance of Sunday, and, after long urging and recommendation, she prevailed upon the prisoners "to form a Sunday service, by one reading to the rest; * * * but aware," she continues, "of the instability of a practice in itself good, without any corresponding principle of preservation, and thinking that my presence might exert a beneficial tendency, I joined their Sunday morning worship as a regular hearer."

After three years' perseverance in this "happy and quiet course," she made her next advance, which was to introduce employment, first for the women prisoners, and afterwards for the men. In 1823, "one gentleman," she says, "presented me with ten shillings, and another, in the same week, with a pound, for prison charity. It then occurred to me that it would be well to expend it in material for baby clothes; and having borrowed patterns, cut out the articles, fixed prices of payment for making them, and ascertained the cost of a set, that they might be disposed of at a certain price, the plan was carried into effect. The prisoners also made shirts, coats, &c. * * * By means of this plan, many young women who were not able to sew, learned this art, and, in satisfactory instances, had a little money to take at the end of the term of imprisonment. * * * The fund of £1 10s. for this purpose, as a foundation and perpetual stock, (for whilst desiring its preservation, I did not require its increase,) soon rose to seven guineas, and since its establishment, above £408 worth of various articles have been sold for charity."

The men were thus employed:—

"They made straw hats, and, at a later period, bone spoons and seals; others made men's and boy's caps, cut in eight quarters—the material, old cloth or moreen, or whatever my friends could find up to give me for them. In some instances, young men, and more frequently boys, have learned to sew grey cotton shirts, or even patch-work, with a view of shutting out idleness and making themselves useful. On one occasion I showed to the prisoners an

etching of the chess-player, by Retzsch, which two men, one a shoemaker and the other a bricklayer, desired much to copy; they were allowed to do so, and being furnished with pencil, pen, paper, &c., they succeeded remarkably well. The chess-player presented a pointed and striking lesson, which could well be applied to any kind of gaming, and was, on this account, suitable to my pupils, who had generally descended from the love of marbles and pitch-halfpenny in children, to cards, dice, &c., in men. The business of copying it had the advantage of requiring all thought and attention at the time. The attention of other prisoners was attracted to it, and for a year or two afterwards many continued to copy it."

After another interval she proceeded to the formation of a fund which she applied to the furnishing of work for prisoners upon their discharge; "affording me," she adds, "the advantage of observing their conduct at the same time."

She had thus, in the course of a few years—during which her mind had gradually expanded to the requirements of the subject before her—provided for all the most important objects of prison discipline; moral and intellectual tuition, occupation during imprisonment, and employment after discharge. Whilst great and good men, unknown to her, were inquiring and disputing as to the way and the order in which these very results were to be attained—inquiries and disputes which have not yet come to an end—here was a poor woman who was actually herself personally accomplishing them all! It matters not whether all her measures were the very wisest that could have been imagined. She had to contend with many difficulties that are now unknown; prison discipline was then in its infancy; everything she did was conceived in the best spirit; and, considering the time, and the means at her command, could scarcely have been improved.

The full extent to which she was personally engaged in carrying out these objects, has yet to be explained. The Sunday service in the jail was adopted, as we have seen, upon her recommendation, and she joined the prisoners, as a fellow-worshipper, on Sunday morning. Their evening service, which was to be read in her absence, was soon abandoned; but, finding that to be the case, she attended on that part of the day also, and the service was then resumed. "After several changes of readers, the office," she says, "devolved on me. That happy privilege thus graciously opened to me, and embraced from necessity, and in much fear, was acceptable to the prisoners, for God made it so; and also an unspeakable advantage and comfort to myself."—(*Life*, p. 13.) These modest sentences convey but a very faint notion of the nature of these singular services. Fortunately, in a report of Captain Williams, one of the inspectors of prisons, we have a far more adequate account of the matter. It stands thus:—

"Sunday, November 29, 1835.—Attended divine service in the morning at the prison. The male prisoners only were assembled, a female, resident in the town, officiated; her voice was exceedingly melodious, her delivery emphatic, and her enunciation extremely distinct. The service was the *Liturgy* of the church of England; two psalms were sung by the whole of the prisoners, and extremely well—much better than I have frequently heard in our best-appointed churches. A written discourse, of her own composition, was read by her; it was of a purely moral tendency, involving no doctrinal

points, and admirably suited to the hearers. During the performance of the service, the prisoners paid the profoundest attention, and the most marked respect, and, as far as it is possible to judge, appeared to take a devout interest. Evening service was read by her afterwards to the female prisoners."—(*Second Report of Inspectors of Prisons*, 1836, p. 69.)

Sarah Martin is here brought before us in a new character. Hitherto we have seen her pursuing, energetically and successfully, certain definite practical ends of plain and obvious utility. She now claims our attention as a moral teacher. From the commencement of her Sunday labors, which began probably in 1820, or shortly afterwards, up to 1832, she read printed sermons; from that time to 1837, she wrote her own sermons; from 1837 to the termination of her labors in 1843, "I was enabled," she says, "by the help of God, to address the prisoners without writing beforehand, simply from the Holy Scriptures."—(*Life*, p. 13.) We were curious to know what kind of addresses a person so intimately acquainted with the habits and feelings of criminals would think it right to deliver to such an audience, and have been kindly permitted to peruse her unpublished notes of various sermons delivered by her in the year 1835. They have certainly surprised us.

We believe that there are gentlemen in the world who stand so stiffly upon the virtue of certain forms of ministerial ordination, as to set their faces against all lay, and especially against all female, religious teaching. We will not dispute as to what may, or may not, be the precise value of those forms. They ought to confer powers of inestimable worth, considering how stubbornly they are defended—and perhaps they do so; but every one amongst us knows and feels that the power of writing or preaching good sermons is not amongst the number. The cold, labored eloquence which boy-bachelors are authorized by custom and constituted authority to inflict upon us—the dry husks and chips of divinity which they bring forth from the dark recesses of the theology (as it is called) of the fathers, or of the middle ages, sink into utter worthlessness by the side of the jail addresses of this poor, uneducated seamstress. From her own registers of the prisoners who came under her notice, it is easy to describe the ordinary members of her congregation:—pert London pickpockets, whom a cheap steam-boat brought to reap a harvest at some country festival; bores, whom ignorance and distress led into theft; depraved boys, who picked up a precarious livelihood amongst the chances of a seaport town; sailors, who had committed assaults in the boisterous hilarity consequent upon a discharge with a paid-up arrear of wages; servants, of both sexes, seduced by bad company into the commission of crimes against their masters; profligate women, who had added assault or theft to the ordinary vices of a licentious life; smugglers; a few game-law criminals; and paupers transferred from a work-house, where they had been initiated into crime, to a jail, where their knowledge was perfected. Such were some of the usual classes of persons who assembled around this singular teacher of righteousness. Their characters were as distinct as their crimes. A few extracts from Sarah Martin's "Prison Records" will exhibit their variety:—

"W. W. Homely villager. Very good natural powers; temper good; grateful for instruction; desirous of improving.

"W. Wa. Inferior capacity; inoffensive, always behaved well; does not seem to have had a bad character.

"J. B. Extremely ignorant; low habits.

"B. P. Quiet; slow in capacity and habits; shrewd in his way, and sly.

"W. T. Depraved; deceitful; full of pretence; obsequiously obliging; troublesomely forward in manners.

"J. S. With me, still and almost dumb—he soon compelled the governor to order him to the cell for the most violent conduct.

"J. C. One of the very worst. Foolish; hardened; idle; lazy; and destitute of the wish to improve. In prison a corrupter."

Judging from the notes which we have seen, her addresses to this strange auditory were formed upon a regular system, which was calculated to set before them that particular view of Christian truth which she thought best suited to their circumstances and comprehension. She principally urged three points. I.—The inseparable connexion between sin and sorrow; the great fact, that, in spite of all the allurements and artful promptings of temptation, misery "doth vice, e'en as its shade, pursue," and with the same certainty that effect follows cause in any of the physical operations of nature. This was a foundation upon which, before such an auditory, she might most safely build; and whilst she reiterated the position in many varieties of expression, her hearers must have felt bitterly conscious that she was not dealing with an imaginary case, but with a stern truth of which they were themselves the evidences and the victims. II.—Her second point was, that there was a similar and equally indissoluble connexion between goodness and happiness. Station, wealth, and the pleasures of life, when viewed at a distance, seemed to lead to a different conclusion. They promised fairly, but if approached, or partaken of, it became evident that they excited hopes which it was not in their power to gratify, and that unless united to goodness, sorrow was their inseparable adjunct. God is eternally happy only because He is immutably good, and man can procure exemption from misery only by attaining to freedom from the shackles of vice. III.—Her third point was to lead her auditors to the ever-open door of mercy, and, in glowing strains of Bible-eloquence, to invite, intreat, and urge them to enter in. The Almighty was held forth to them as desirous to communicate of his own sinless happy nature to all who came to Him as the willing servants of the crucified Redeemer; ready by his own Spirit to purify and guide them; to be to them as a hiding-place from trouble, a pavilion in which they should be kept secretly from the strife of tongues, a place of refuge in which they should be compassed about with songs of deliverance. Thus were the realities of their position traced to their fountain-head, a way of escape was pointed out, and, in the midst of their sin and shame, they were affectionately allured towards the service of God, as that which should give them freedom, peace, and happiness. There is reason to believe that these doctrines, urged with a kindly, warm-hearted sincerity, were eminently successful. The respect and attention which would not have been yielded to a preacher who had endeavored to excite alarm by the enforcement of religious terrors, were willingly conceded to an instructor who sought to win them to a love of purity, by considerations which, without being directly personal, flowed naturally out of a knowledge of their feelings.

The papers we have seen are, for the most part, mere skeletons or rough notes of sermons, and their entire publication would not be desirable; but in any more extended biography, a few extracts from them might be very usefully introduced.

In the year 1826, Sarah Martin's grandmother died, and she came into possession of an annual income of ten or twelve pounds, derived from the investment of "between two and three hundred pounds." She then removed from Caister to Yarmouth, where she occupied two rooms in a house situated in a row in an obscure part of the town, and, from that time, devoted herself with increased energy to her philanthropic labors. A benevolent lady, resident in Yarmouth, had for some years, with a view to securing her a little rest for her health's sake, given her one day in a week, by compensating her for that day in the same way as if she had been engaged in dressmaking. With that assistance, and with a few quarterly subscriptions, "chiefly 2s. 6d. each, for bibles, testaments, tracts, and other books for distribution," she went on devoting every available moment of her life to her great purpose. But dressmaking, like other professions, is a jealous mistress; customers fell off, and, eventually, almost entirely disappeared. A question of anxious moment now presented itself, the determination of which is one of the most characteristic and memorable incidents of her life. Was she to pursue her benevolent labors, even although they led to utter poverty? Her little income was not more than enough to pay her lodging, and the expenses consequent upon the exercise of her charitable functions: and was actual destitution of ordinary necessities to be submitted to? She never doubted; but her reasoning upon the subject presents so clear an illustration of the exalted character of her thoughts and purposes, and exhibits so eminent an example of Christian devotedness and heroism, that it would be an injustice to her memory not to quote it in her own words:—"In the full occupation of dressmaking, I had care with it, and anxiety for the future; but as that disappeared, care fled also. God, who had called me into the vineyard, had said, 'Whatsoever is right I will give you.' I had learned from the Scriptures of truth that I should be supported; God was my master, and would not forsake his servant; He was my father, and could not forget his child. I knew also that it sometimes seemed good in his sight to try the faith and patience of his servants, by bestowing upon them very limited means of support; as in the case of Naomi and Ruth; of the widow of Zarephath and Elijah; and my mind, in the contemplation of such trials, seemed exalted by more than human energy; for I had counted the cost; and my mind was made up. If, whilst imparting truth to others, I became exposed to temporal want, the privation so momentary to an individual, would not admit of comparison with following the Lord, in thus administering to others."—(Life, p. 30.)

Noble woman! A faith so firm, and so disinterested, might have removed mountains; a self-sacrifice founded upon such principles is amongst the most heroic of human achievements.

This appears to have been the busiest period of Sarah Martin's life. Her system, if we may so term it, of superintendence over the prisoners, was now complete. For six or seven hours daily she took her station amongst them; converting that which, without her, would have been, at best, a scene of dissolute idleness, into a hive of industry and order. We have already explained the nature

of the employment which she provided for them; the manner of their instruction is described as follows:—"Any who could not read I encouraged to learn, whilst others in my absence assisted them. They were taught to write also; whilst such as could write already, copied extracts from books lent to them. Prisoners, who were able to read, committed verses from the Holy Scriptures to memory every day according to their ability or inclination. I, as an example, also committed a few verses to memory to repeat to them every day; and the effect was remarkable; always silencing excuse when the pride of some prisoners would have prevented their doing it. Many said at first, 'It would be of no use;' and my reply was, 'It is of use to me, and why should it not be so to you? You have not tried it, but I have.' Tracts and children's books, and large books, four or five in number, of which they were very fond, were exchanged in every room daily, whilst any who could read more were supplied with larger books."—(Life, p. 32.)

There does not appear to have been any instance of a prisoner long refusing to take advantage of this mode of instruction. Men entered the prison saucy, shallow, self-conceited, full of cavils and objections, which Sarah Martin was singularly clever in meeting; but in a few days the most stubborn, and those who had refused the most peremptorily, either to be employed or to be instructed, would beg to be allowed to take their part in the general course. Once within the circle of her influence, the effect was curious. Men old in years, as well as in crime, might be seen striving for the first time in their lives to hold a pen, or bending hoary heads over primers and spelling-books, or studying to commit to memory some precept taken from the Holy Scriptures. Young rascals, as impudent as they were ignorant, beginning with one verse went on to long passages; and even the dullest were enabled by perseverance to furnish their minds and memories with "from two to five verses every day." All these operations, it must be borne in mind, were carried on under no authority save what was derived from the teacher's innate force of character. Aware of that circumstance, and that any rebellion would be fatal to her usefulness, she so contrived every exercise of her power as to "make a favor of it," knowing well that "to depart from this course, would only be followed by the prisoners' doing less, and not doing it well."—(Life, p. 104.) The ascendancy she thus acquired was very singular. A general persuasion of the sincerity with which "she watch'd, and wept, and pray'd, and felt for all," rendered her the general depository of the little confidences, the tales of weakness, treachery, and sorrow, in the midst of which she stood! and thus she was enabled to fan the rising desire for emancipation, to succor the tempted, to encourage the timid, and put the erring in the way.

After the close of her labors at the jail, she proceeded, at one time of her life, to a large school which she superintended at the work-house, and afterwards, when that school was turned over to proper teachers, she devoted two nights in the week to a school for factory girls, which was held in the capacious chancel of the old church of St. Nicholas. There, or elsewhere, she was everything. Other teachers would send their classes to stand by and listen, whilst Sarah Martin, in her striking and effective way, imparted instruction to the forty or fifty young women who were fortunate enough to be more especially her pupils. Every countenance

was riveted upon her: and, as the questions went round, she would explain them by a piece of poetry, or an anecdote, which she had always ready at command, and, more especially, by Scripture illustration. The Bible was, indeed, the great fountain of her knowledge and her power. For many years she read it through four times every year, and had formed a most exact reference book to its contents. Her intimate familiarity with its striking imagery and lofty diction, impressed a poetical character upon her own style, and filled her mind with exalted thoughts. After her class duties were over, there remained to be performed many offices of kindness, which with her were consequent upon the relation of teacher and pupil; there was personal communication with this scholar and with that; some inquiry here, some tale to listen to there; for she was never a mere schoolmistress, but always the friend and counsellor, as well as the instructor.

The evenings on which there was no tuition were devoted by her to visiting the sick, either in the work-house, or through the town generally; and occasionally an evening was passed with some of those worthy people in Yarmouth by whom her labors were regarded with interest. Her appearance in any of their houses was the signal for a busy evening. Her benevolent smile and quick, active manner communicated her own cheerfulness and energy to every one around her. She never failed to bring work with her, and, if young people were present, was sure to employ them all. Something was to be made ready for the occupation of the prisoners, or for their instruction; patterns or copies were to be prepared, or old materials to be adjusted to some new use, in which last employment her ingenuity was preëminent. Odd pieces of woollen or cotton, scraps of paper, mere litters, things which other people threw away, it mattered not what, she always begged that such things might be kept for her, and was sure to turn them to some account. If, on such occasions, whilst everybody else was occupied, some one would read aloud, Sarah Martin's satisfaction was complete; and at intervals, if there were no strangers present, or if such communication were desired, she would dilate upon the sorrows and sufferings of her guilty flock, and her own hopes and disappointments in connexion with them, in the language of simple, animated truth.

Her day was closed by no "return to a cheerful fireside prepared by the cares of another," but to her solitary apartments, which she left locked up during her absence, and where "most of the domestic offices of life were performed by her own hands."* There she kept a copious record of her proceedings in reference to the prisoners; notes of their circumstances and conduct during such time as they were under her observation, which generally extended long beyond the period of their imprisonment; with most exact accounts of the expenditure of the little subscriptions before mentioned, and also of a small annual payment from the British Ladies' Society, established by Mrs. Fry, and of all other moneys committed to her in aid of any branch of her charitable labors. These books of record and account have been very properly preserved, and have been presented to a public library in Yarmouth.

During all this time she went on living upon her bare pittance; in a state of most absolute poverty, and yet of total unconcern as to her temporal support. Friends supplied many of her necessities by occasional presents; but, unless it was especially

provided, "This is not for your charities, but for your own exclusive use and comfort," whatever was sent to her was given away to persons more destitute than herself. In this way she was furnished with clothes, and occasional presents were sent to her of bread, cheese, eggs, fruit, and other necessities of a simple kind. Some members of the corporation were desirous that a pecuniary provision should be made for her out of the borough funds; but the proposal was soon laid aside, in deference to her own most strenuous opposition. In 1841, the question was renewed, and the wife of one of the magistrates wrote to her:—"We consider it impossible, from the manner in which you live, that you can long continue your arduous labors at the jail, &c. Mr.— and myself will feel angry and hurt if you refuse to accept it. I must intreat you to do this," &c.

Angry, forsooth! Poor lady! Sarah Martin's answer ran thus:—

"Here lies the objection which oppresses me: I have found voluntary instruction, on my part, to have been attended with great advantage; and I am apprehensive, that, in receiving payment, my labors may be less acceptable. I fear, also, that my mind would be fettered by pecuniary payment, and the whole work upset. To try the experiment, which might injure the thing I live and breathe for, seems like applying a knife to your child's throat, to know if it will cut. * * * Were you so angry as that I could not meet you, a merciful God and a good conscience would preserve my peace; when, if I ventured on what I believed would be prejudicial to the prisoners, God would frown upon me and my conscience too, and these would follow me everywhere. As for my circumstances, I have not a wish ungratified, and am more than content."—(*Life*, p. 35.)

Such scruples should have been held sacred. Corporation gratitude should have been exhibited in some way which would not have excited a feeling of self-degradation; but, alas! a jail committee does not enter into questions of feeling. It was coarsely intimated to this high-souled woman, "If we permit you to visit the prison you must submit to our terms," (p. 36;) and these worshipful gentlemen, who were then making use of Sarah Martin as a substitute for the schoolmaster and the chaplain, whom it was by law their bounden duty to have appointed, converted her into their salaried servant by the munificent grant of £12 per annum! If the domestic liberality of these gentlemen bears any proportion to their corporate generosity, one would be curious to know after what rate they remunerate their maids-of-all-work and their shop-boys.

Sarah Martin lived for two years in the receipt of this memorable evidence of corporation bounty. In the winter of 1842 her health began to fail, and it was with pain and difficulty that she continued, day by day, up to the 17th April, 1843, to visit the jail, "the home," she says, "of my first interest and pleasure." From that day she was confined to her apartments by a painful disease, accompanied by extreme bodily weakness. But nothing could restrain the energy of her mind. In the seclusion of a solitary chamber, "apart from all that could disturb, and in a universe of calm repose and peace and love;" when, speaking of herself and her condition, she remarked, in words of singular beauty,

—"I seem to lie
So near the heavenly portals bright,
I catch the streaming rays that fly
From eternity's own light;"—

* Poems of S. Martin, p. x.

at such a time—she resumed the exercise of a talent for the writing of sacred poetry, which had been early developed, and had even been occasionally exercised in the midst of the occupations of her busy life. A selection from her poems is the second of the books named at the head of this article. The publication is a kind, but, as we think, not altogether a wise one. The fact that Sarah Martin wrote such poetry is important in her biography. It is deeply interesting to know, that after some of the most exciting incidents of her life—the establishment of a fund for the relief of prisoners after liberation—the death of her grandmother, and that of the father of a lad whom she had reclaimed—an opposition or a success which she met with in the jail—she could retire to her chamber and pour out her heart in strains of Christian praise and gratitude. It is, above all things, interesting to be told that this brave woman could cheer the sacred loneliness of her entrance into the dark valley of the shadow of death, with songs of victory and triumph. The compositions here published not only prove all this, but they evidence the existence in the mind of their author of an unquestionable vein of real poetry. They exhibit some specimens of true poetic ore, and contain separate lines, and occasionally whole stanzas, which evidently came fresh from the mint of a strong mind and fervid heart. But her compositions have those defects which mark the imitative and unpractised artist. They are the poems of one whose time was devoted to the acting of poetry rather than to the writing of it; and it would have been better if the author of the clever memoir which is prefixed to the volume before us, had interwoven such facts and lines as are worthy of being remembered, with a complete biography, rather than have published the whole poems in a separate volume.

Sarah Martin struggled against disease for many months, suffering intense agony, which was partially relieved by opiates. A few minutes before her death, she begged for more of the opiate, to still the racking torture. The nurse told her that she believed the time of her departure had arrived. She, clapping her hands together, exclaimed, "Thank God! thank God!" and never spake more. This was on the 15th October, 1843. She was buried at Caister, by the side of her grandmother; and a tombstone in the churchyard bears a simple inscription, written by herself, which commemorates her death and age, but says not a word of her many virtues. The Yarmouth corporation ought to erect a tablet to her memory, either in the jail, or in the chancel of the church of St. Nicholas, in which she taught her class of factory girls. Her services, and the debt of gratitude which the whole town owes to her, will not be forgotten, although no marble tell the tale; but such a monument, if erected by the corporation, would relieve them from the suspicion that they were as ignorant of the moral worth, as they were of the money value, of such labors as Sarah Martin's. Since her death, the corporation has been compelled to appoint both a jail-chaplain and a schoolmaster.

The length to which a detail of individual cases would necessarily run, alone deters us from quoting many instances in which there can be no doubt that Sarah Martin's labors were followed by most happy results. We will give a few cases:

"B. B., age about twenty-three. Could neither read nor write. Offence, smuggling. After the lapse of twelve years from his imprisonment, Sarah Martin writes: 'He entirely learned to read and write in prison, and immediately after his discharge

left off smuggling. He wrote to me afterwards, and expressed the comfort he found in being able to write. * * * I have heard from him many times. He sails in a small vessel from Dunkirk to London, to sell butter and eggs.'

"R., E. C., and four others. Offence, smuggling. Had been in prison before for the same offence. Were supported in Yarmouth jail by a band or club of smugglers. After the lapse of four years, this is Sarah Martin's report:—'E. C. had a wife and six children in Harwich, where they now live. The profits of smuggling were tempting, but he afterwards told me he found it impossible, as he then viewed the thing, to engage in the traffic again, and abandoned it. Since his discharge, I have received four letters; two written by him, one by his wife, and another written partly by him and partly by his wife. Also, I have seen him twice, when the schooner to which he belongs sailed through Yarmouth Roads. By him I was informed, in August last, that the five who were in prison with him had all left off smuggling. He gave me a satisfactory account of each. These men, when I took leave of them, seemed reluctant in promising to give up a profession of fraud, involving habitual lying, &c. &c., yet allowed me to believe that, ceasing to reconcile them to its principles, they wished, and would not be unwilling, to do it.' She writes subsequently:—'February 5, 1840.—This morning, R., the former master of the smuggling vessel * * * called upon me, being the first time he has been in Yarmouth since his discharge. He is now master of the St. Leonard, a respectable merchant-ship. His gratitude for what he thought his obligation to me, led him to bring from France a present of a vase covered with shells, and a curious glass box. He was fourteen months without a vessel after his discharge, with a wife and family to support, and desiring to get free from the traffic of smuggling.'

"R. M., aged seventeen; offence, felony; six months in jail. Former character, idle and profligate. After three and a half years, she writes: 'Effectually reclaimed. After considerable perseverance, he obtained a gentleman's service, and has earned his living respectably and honestly ever since. He is now butler in a gentleman's family. I frequently saw him before he left Yarmouth. Have seen him twice since, when he came to see his mother and grandmother, and continue to hear of him twice or more every year.'

"S. B., aged thirty-nine, charged with felony. Could neither read nor write. Accounted a disorderly person and a thief, and had been in prison before. After three and a half years: 'Perfectly reclaimed. She has never been guilty of any immoral practice since, and seems to have been the means of reclaiming her husband, whose former character was bad. I see her every month or two. She has suffered much from poverty and illness, without complaint.'

"A. B.; offence, felony. After two and a half years: 'Since his discharge he has conducted himself well towards his family, and borne an honest character. He keeps cows, and carries about milk to sell. His wife told me last week, it was a good thing her husband learned to read in the jail, as he now takes up a book of an evening; and it was a good thing he learned to write, too, because he can now keep his accounts, and write his milk bills.'

"T. B., aged eighteen; offence, felony. Five months in Yarmouth jail, and afterwards in the penitentiary at Milbank. After nine and a half

years. "After his return from the penitentiary, he immediately called upon me. His parents were poor, living in a row, and keeping a small vegetable shop. With no character, he seemed destitute. His next step was this: he went to his father's, and took a small box which he had left locked-up, containing £102 and some shillings, and carried it to his master, from whom it had been stolen. Mr. D. entreated him to take £5 of the sum returned, but could not prevail; all he accepted was the odd £2 and shillings, saying, "Sir, I robbed you of more than that." The circumstance became public. Mr. B., tailor and salesman, took him for two years to learn his trade. He conducted himself better, Mr. B. informed me, than any former apprentice. Since then, he has been married to a young woman who was taught by me in a Sunday-school, and by honorable and successful industry supports himself, by keeping a respectable little shop as a tailor and salesman in the —."

Such cases, which are as instructive as they are interesting, might be multiplied manifold out of the papers of Sarah Martin. If they exhibit the results of careful, kindly prison instruction, every one would wish that such instruction could be rendered universal. With such cases before us, who shall doubt that many of the ignorant and the weak, those who have failed in their duty to their neighbor, because they have been permitted to go forth into the world unarmed against its temptations, and uninstructed in their duties, are still within reach of the reclaiming efforts of active benevolence? But such cases give no encouragement to any cold philanthropy, if any such can be; nor to any kind but weak enthusiasm, which seeks for proofs of amendment of life in the mere raptures of excited feeling; nor to that proud and condescending bounty, which chills even whilst it overpowers with a multiplicity of obligations. Sarah Martin governed these people, and reformed them, as their cases testify, not merely by instructing them in useful arts, and inculcating in their minds right principles of duty and action, and informing their understandings as to their real interests; but more especially by opening her own heart to them, by entering with warm and genuine sympathy into their real feelings and condition, and by aiding them in devising and carrying out measures of true practical amelioration, suited to their circumstances, and their habits of thought and feeling. She did not shower down bounties as from a heaven above, but placing herself upon a par with them in everything but their guilt, was ever ready to drop a tear over their misery, and to join with them heart and soul to procure relief. They who would obtain Sarah Martin's success must feel her sympathy, and acquire her true practical wisdom.

"The high desire that others may be blest,
Savors of heaven."

The words are her own, and her life was a comment upon them. "Her simple, unostentatious, yet energetic, devotion to the interests of the out-cast and the destitute," remarks Captain Williams, one of the inspectors of prisons, who had many opportunities of judging of her labors, and whose experience gives great value to his testimony—"her gentle disposition, her temper never irritated by disappointment, nor her charity straitened by in-

gratitude, present a combination of qualities which imagination sometimes portrays as the ideal of what is pure and beautiful, but which are rarely found embodied with humanity.* — She was no titular Sister of Charity, but was silently felt and acknowledged to be one, by the many out-cast and destitute persons who received encouragement from her lips, and relief from her hands, and by the few who were witnesses of her good works.†"

It is the business of literature to make such a life stand out from the masses of ordinary existences, with something of the distinctness with which a lofty building uprears itself in the confusion of a distant view. It should be made to attract all eyes, to excite the hearts of all persons who think the welfare of their fellow-mortals an object of interest or duty; it should be included in collections of biography, and chronicled in the high places of history; men should be taught to estimate it as that of one whose philanthropy has entitled her to renown, and children to associate the name of Sarah Martin with those of Howard, Buxton, Fry — the most benevolent of mankind.

EASTER SUNDAY.

SWEETLY through the vernal air,
O'er the quiet waters stealing,
Calling to the house of prayer,
Hark! the Easter bells are pealing;
In these silvery tones repeating
To the heart, with rapture beating,
Joyfully, the Christian greeting,
CHRIST IS RISEN!

As they ring they seem to say,
Christ the Lord is risen to day;
Mourning ones, forget your gloom—
He hath triumphed o'er the tomb.
CHRIST IS RISEN!

Gloriously the Easter hymn,
Round ten thousand altars swelling,
Like a chant of seraphim,
All the church's joy is telling;
And the bells, whose soft refrain
Mingles with the fervid strain,
Joyously repeat again,
CHRIST IS RISEN!

He is risen! weep no more,
For the reign of death is o'er,
Let his resurrection be
Pledge of life and peace to thee.
CHRIST IS RISEN!

Dying, to redeem from sin,
From its curse and dire oppression;
Rising, endless life to win,
As his people's sure possession;
On the cross in anguish bleeding,
Through the grave in mercy leading,
Now in glory interceding;
CHRIST IS RISEN!

He is risen! Christians—risen!
Lo! the grave's deserted prison;
Death and hell are put to flight,
'Neath his conquering path of light.

CHRIST IS RISEN!

J. W. B.

Protestant Churchman.

* Letter of Captain Williams.—*Life*, p. 126.

† Eighth Report of Inspectors of Prisons, p. 182.

* Fifth Report of Inspectors of Prisons, p. 124.

WHY THUS LONGING, THUS FOREVER SIGHING?

This deep and irrepressible craving, this singular pining of the soul for yet untrodden lands, comes upon us, not as we might expect, in times of suffering, (for then the soul has no power to expand—it only asks removal of present pressure,) but in joy, and that only in joy of a certain kind. The enjoyment of food, of drink, of warmth, and refreshing coolness, of motion, of rest, call for nothing beyond the highest degree of that enjoyment—it asks no ascending into the infinite; on the contrary, rather a falling back into contraction. But, in the enjoyment of the sun's noon-tide radiance—of the crimson splendors of its setting, and of the moon's silver beams—in the contemplation of the sublime in nature, and the sublime in art—in the giving way to tender sensibility—in the sweet tears of happy emotion—in all, and through all this, is to be traced the yearning after something higher; and the overflowing heart overflows, and yet is not filled. The heart in joy resembles those birds of passage, which, though caged in warm apartments, still, at the season when their fellows migrate, pine for, and pant to wing their flight to the distant land of genial warmth and vernal beauty.

This indefinable feeling in human nature is especially developed by the power of an art, the peculiar properties of which, and superiority to all other arts, we know not rightly yet. I speak not of poetry, or of painting, but of music. Why do we forget, while acknowledging that music heightens joyous and sad emotions—yea, itself produces them—that the soul loses itself in the magic of its sweet sounds, as in a labyrinth—that more mightily, more powerfully, than any other art, it makes us experience, momentarily, rapid transitions from joy to sorrow—why, while conscious of all this, do we forget its still higher property—its power of making us pine for some other land, and of drawing from the soul a sigh, full of pantings for the future, which yet do but seem yearnings for some familiar long-loved home of the spirit?

Why music should thus, above all other arts, thrill upon the inner man, is beyond my power to explain. Singularly do its material movements erect themselves into certain regular forms of sounds, which are carried forward to the finely-fashioned nerves; but from these, to the soul's depths which music stirs so powerfully, we have still a vast interval.

But to what end is it that man, while growing at the root which draws him down, and is fully satisfied in the earth, must also be growing at the stalk, which presses upwards to heaven's air and light? To what end serves this double direction in man? Manifestly not merely to his earthly happiness. Would Heaven do that which is forbidden to us, subject the higher to the service of the lower, and plant flowers only to strew them upon the dunghill? Can the instinct which we feel so strongly within after a higher world, a deeper love—can the idea of the divine, of the moral, be implanted within us, only to enhance the pleasures of earthly life, and, like tropic fruits and spices, to give more relish to the joys of sense? But no, it is exactly the contrary. The sharpest and deepest sorrows are the lot of the nobler spirits; and the finely-fashioned nerve that most quickly thrills to the breath of heaven, is most alive to the touch of pain.

But surely these indistinct and undefinable apprehensions of a more noble birthright were not given us in vain; and yet, if disappointed hereafter, they avail us little here below.

What instinct of the millions of different animals has been suffered by Infinite Goodness to fall short of its promise, even to the unconscious and unexpectant? and shall the divine instinct of the soul be supposed to be objectless and aimless by Him who shapeth all things to their uses? Then, too, what a distinction is there between the mere instinct of the animal, and that plan of a future world that is drawn upon the soul of man! The animal instinct has more feelers, the human more antennæ. Animal instinct utters its prophetic promises, and its requisitions, with a dim vagueness, and draws and impels to the end it has in view, in the dark, with an invisible hand; as for instance, in the secret powerful impulse to build the nest, and lay up a store for the insect brood, for unknown and totally dissimilar offspring. In man, on the contrary, the instinct of immortality has its fulfilment, even here below, for what we call hope of it, and desire after it, is but the development of that immortality. Our pure joys are but the commencement of that happiness for which we pant; and, though the heart lie low upon this earth's horizon, like the mass of cloud that, with its varied coloring, does but portend rain, and gives no prelude of fine earthly days, yet is this very cloud the beginning of the rainbow which spreads itself over the dark earth, and the glowing tints of which are the bright beams of that very sun, of whose future undimmed glories it is the promise.

More truths than we look for are to be found in the old comparison between the development of the soul and that of the butterfly; for, in the caterpillar, instinct finds the plan of the future fabric which it has to work out. In the caterpillar lies hid, according to Swammerdam, the chrysalis; and this, again, contains the butterfly, with its folded wings and antennæ. And this pale imprisoned form goes through its successive labors, casting its skin, spinning for itself new bonds, and immuring itself in the cocoon, only that it may, at length, break forth to freedom, and, leaving behind it its slough, and renouncing forever its coarse diet of leaves, sport henceforth amid the flowers, feed upon honey, and live for love. Oh! how do these similitudes speak the desires of the soul! How gladly would it, in its pupa state, be permitted to burst the chrysalis, and widely, fully expand those soft, tender wings, that are bruised in its dungeon-tenement! For is not this the consummation for which it bears a thousand sufferings—for which it undergoes privation and pain? Surely, it were a waste of energies, a harsh contradiction, if the butterfly, after its long imprisonment in the unsightly larva, after all its painful casting off of its skin, its narrow swathing-bands, the dark dungeon of an almost torpid pupa, should come forth—nothing; or come forth in corruption, with its foul slough hanging around it as a shroud.

But men can believe all this—ready to believe all against God, but slow of heart to receive all that would speak of His infinite wisdom and infinite goodness! One cloudy day is sufficient to obscure from our view a whole life full of divine sunshine; and the short, dark hour of death shuts out from us the long, bright future. We do, indeed, live in a wonderful night of existence; and these anticipations, these presentiments are our moonlight. But does not this presuppose a sun!—*Richter.*

HERMAN MELVILLE'S OMOO.*

UNLIKE most sequels, *Omoo*, or "A Narrative of Adventures in the South Seas," is equal to its predecessor. There are not so many unusual hardships, and dangerous but necessary gymnastics, as in the hungry wanderings of Melville and his companion Toby among the mountains of Nukuheva; nor such elaborate pictures of the daily life and manners of the unsophisticated Polynesians as were furnished by the residence of the adventurers in the valley of the Typees. Neither is there the same novelty of subject in *Omoo* as there was in *Typee*. Mr. Dana and some imitators have painted nautical life and character as seen from the foremastman's point of view, and many writers have described the inhabitants of the different Polynesian islands *au naturel*, and in their various aspects of civilization, or, as our author would say, their simple and corrupted nature. Still, from circumstances, and the position in which its writer was placed, *Omoo* has sufficient freshness; as it derives interest from his fluent, vivacious style, and a natural aptitude for describing a scene or telling a story. It is probable, however, that neither scene nor story suffers at his hands from want of embellishment.

The leading subjects of *Omoo* are threefold—first, life and character on board an old, ill-found colonial vessel, scantily and badly manned, where needy or unprincipled speculators risk their own property, and the lives of such people as they can pick up, in a game with the odds, it would seem, greatly against them. Secondly, adventures at Tahiti (the Otahite of Cook); where the crew carried the vessel into the harbor, distinctly refused to do duty, were taken on board a French frigate, and ironed, under the requisition of Mr. Consul Wilson, the *locum tenens* of the notorious Pritchard, and, though subsequently released from this custody, were put into a prison on shore. Thirdly, the adventures of Melville and a companion, when they went away by night from a sort of free custody, to take service with a couple of runaway sailors, who had established a "plantation" on the neighboring island of Imeco; with their excursions about this latter place, till Melville finally shipped on board an American whaler.

There is some adventure in the volume, with a good many sketches of life and nature at the Society Islands, as well as a comparison between the past and present state of the Polynesians, and an estimate of the results of missionary exertion. The true characteristic of the book, however, is its nautical pictures, and the glimpses it gives of the strange characters that are to be found scattered over the South Seas. The outcasts of all nations would seem to congregate there. The little law anywhere, its total absence in some of the islands, the readiness with which a subsistence may be procured, and the *dolce far niente* indulged in a climate where fuel and clothes may both be dispensed with, are all attractions to the runaway convict or the broken-down adventurer. The long voyage, hard living, and laborious service of the sperm whale-fishery, naturally induce seamen to desert from a harsh captain in an ill-provisioned ship, especially as the number of these whalers gives a man an opportunity, or at least a good chance, of quitting any place after a few months' residence, by engaging for a limited voyage in a vessel short of hands. In such a congregation the straitlacedness of a conventicle or a Quaker's meeting is not to be

looked for; and deeds of ruffianism and brutality must be perpetrated, when such men are excited by liquor, passion or opposition. Yet it seems wonderful what a sense of right and wrong obtains among them towards Europeans; and if they do not extend the same feeling to the natives, it seems owing to ignorance, and the example of their superiors: nor, indeed, has this catholic morality long prevailed even in England, as it does not yet in many nations of Europe. Little ill-treatment of the natives by the sailor or the outcast, however, appears either in Dana or Melville; and perhaps little takes place, unless in a brawl. Polynesian hospitality satisfies their wants; the general licentiousness gratifies their passions; and they lead an easy and uncontrolled life, removed from all temptation which requires violence or crime to indulge in. Some, however, are more active and enterprising, and either embark in a pursuit or take service with the native powers.

The Julia, which received Melville on his escape from Typee, had several characters of this class, and he fell in with more. The surgeon of the ship (whalers are compelled to carry one) seems to have been a broken-down adventurer of some ability and reading, whom fortune or faults had driven from society. He quarrelled with the captain before Melville's arrival, and had taken up his berth among the men, with whom he became a favorite, from his adaptability, knowledge of life, and convivial powers. As he and Melville were the only persons of any education on board, (the captain excepted,) they naturally became companions, and stuck together through all their subsequent adventures, with a fidelity which may perhaps be explained by the fact that they had no rivalry or opposition, and possessed nothing of any value. The crew were a mixture of all nations, but with something of character in each. Amongst them was a New Zealander, who, rated harpooner, ranked as a gentleman in the South Sea whaling school. From Melville's account, this man required nothing but the help of a poetaster or novel-grinder to be turned into the hero of a romance. He had all the gloom and mystery of a Byronic hero; but the unsentimental sailors rather attributed to him cannibal propensities than secret griefs; and though "queer stories" were told of him, they did not smack of the circulating library. Here is one, narrated to Melville by a man who had sailed with "Mowree" before.

"I give it for what it is worth; premising, however, that from what I know of Bembo, and the foolhardy, dare-devil! feats sometimes performed in the sperm-whale fishery, I believe in its substantial truth.

"As may be believed, Bembo was a wild one after a fish; indeed, all New Zealanders engaged in this business are; it seems to harmonize sweetly with their blood-thirsty propensities. At sea, the best English they speak is the South Sea man's slogan in lowering away, 'A dead whale, or a stove boat!' Game to the marrow, these fellows are generally selected for harpooners; a post in which a nervous, timid man would be rather out of his element.

"In darting, the harpooner, of course, stands erect in the head of the boat, one knee braced against a support. But Bembo disdained this; and was always pulled up to his fish, balancing himself right on the gunwale.

"But to my story. One morning at daybreak, they brought him up to a large lone whale. He darted his harpoon, and missed; and the fish

* Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

sounded. After a while, the monster rose again, about a mile off, and they made after him. But he was frightened or 'gallied,' as they call it; and noon came and the boat was still chasing him. In whaling, as long as the fish is in sight, and no matter what may have been previously undergone, there is no giving up, except when night comes; and nowadays, when whales are so hard to be got, frequently not even then. At last, Bembo's whale was alongside for the second time. He darted both harpoons; but, as sometimes happens to the best men, by some unaccountable chance, once more missed. Though it is well known that such failures will happen at times, they nevertheless occasion the bitterest disappointment to a boat's crew, generally expressed in curses both loud and deep. And no wonder. Let any man pull with might and main, for hours and hours together, under a burning sun; and if it do not make him a little peevish, he is no sailor.

"The taunts of the seamen may have maddened the Mowree; however it was, no sooner was he brought up again, than, harpoon in hand, he bounded upon the whale's back, and for one dizzy second was seen there. The next, all was foam and fury, and both were out of sight. The men sheered off, flinging overboard the line as fast as they could; while ahead, nothing was seen but a red whirlpool of blood and brine.

"Presently, a dark object swam out; the line began to straighten; then smoked round the logger-head; and, quick as thought, the boat sped like an arrow through the water. They were 'fast,' and the whale was running.

"Where was the Mowree? His brown hand was on the boat's gunwale; and he was hauled aboard in the very midst of the mad bubbles that burst under the bows.

"Such a man, or devil, if you will, was Bembo."

During their sojourn on board *La Reine Blanche*, the crew of the *Julia* had not much opportunity for observation, as they were in irons below; but what they had Melville does not miss. As his account is characteristic, and also exhibits the opinion of an American seaman on the French navy, we quote freely from it.

"On the second day nothing happened worthy of record. On the third, we were amused by the following scene.

"A man, whom we supposed a boatswain's mate, from the silver whistle hanging from his neck, came below, driving before him a couple of blubbery boys, and followed by a whole troop of youngsters in tears. The pair, it seemed, were sent down to be punished by command of an officer: the rest had accompanied them out of sympathy.

"The boatswain's mate went to work without delay, seizing the poor little culprits by their loose frocks, and using a ratan without mercy. The other boys wept, clasped their hands, and fell on their knees; but in vain; the boatswain's mate only hit out at them, once in a while making them yell ten times louder than ever.

"In the midst of the tumult, down comes a midshipman, who, with a great air, orders the man on deck, and running in among the boys, sets them to scampering in all directions.

"The whole of this proceeding was regarded with infinite scorn by Navy Bob; who, years

before, had been captain of the foretop on board a line-of-battle ship. In his estimation, it was a lubberly piece of business throughout: they did things differently in the English navy.

"The ratanning of the young culprits, although significant of the imperfect discipline of a French man-of-war, may also be considered as in some measure characteristic of the nation.

"In an American or English ship, a boy, when flogged, is either lashed to the breech of a gun, or brought right up to the gratings, the same way the men are. But, as a general rule, he is never punished beyond his strength. You seldom or never draw a cry from the young rogue: he bites his tongue, and stands up to it like a hero. If practicable, (which is not always the case,) he makes a point of smiling under the operation. And so far from his companions taking any compassion on him, they always make merry over his misfortunes. Should he turn baby and cry, they are pretty sure to give him afterwards a sly pounding in some dark corner.

"This tough training produces its legitimate results. The boy becomes in time a thoroughbred tar, equally ready to strip and take a dozen on board his own ship, or, cutlases in hand, dash pell-mell on board the enemy's. Whereas the young Frenchman, as all the world knows, makes but an indifferent seaman; and though for the most part he fights well enough, somehow or other he seldom fights well enough to beat.

"How few sea-battles have the French ever won? but more; how few ships have they ever carried *by the board*—that true criterion of naval courage? But not a word against French bravery; there is plenty of it, but not of the right sort. A Yankee's or an Englishman's is the downright Waterloo 'game.' The French fight better on land; and not being essentially a maritime people, they ought to stay there. The best of shipwrights, they are no sailors. * * *

"In the French navy they have no marines: their men, taking turns at carrying the musket, are sailors one moment and soldiers the next; a fellow running aloft in his line-frock to-day, to-morrow stands sentry at the admiral's cabin-door. This is fatal to anything like proper sailor pride. To make a man a seaman, he should be put to no other duty; indeed, a thorough tar is unfit for anything else; and what is more, this fact is the best evidence of his being a true sailor.

"On board the *Reine Blanche* they did not have enough to eat; and what they did have was not of the right sort. Instead of letting the sailors file their teeth against the rim of a hard sea-biscuit, they baked their bread daily in pitiful little rolls. Then they had no 'grog'; as a substitute, they drugged the poor fellows with a thin sour wine—the juice of a few grapes, perhaps, to a pint of the juice of water facets. Moreover, the sailors asked for meat, and they gave them soup; a rascally substitute, as they well knew."

These extracts will indicate the character of the composition; which is clear, vivacious, and full of matter. Melville's descriptions not only convey distinctly what he wishes to present, but they abound in subordinate or incidental pictures respecting the whole of the life described. As in *Typee*, there are a few free passages, that might as well have been omitted.

From the Spectator.

ANNALS OF IRELAND, TRANSLATED FROM THE
FOUR MASTERS.*

"The Four Masters" were three of the O'Clerys and Peregrine O'Duignan. The O'Clerys were a learned family, and hereditary historians to the O'Donnells, princes of Tyrconnel; O'Duignan was an antiquary of Kilonan in the county of Roscommon. They flourished in the first half of the seventeenth century: their work called *The Annals* was begun in 1632, and finished in 1636; but the principal compiler, brother Michael O'Clery, had been for many years collecting the manuscripts on which it was founded. According to Mr. Geraghty's Introduction, Hugh Ward, an eminent member of the Irish Franciscan convent at Louvain, was the original stimulator and encourager of Michael O'Clery: but Fergall O'Gara, to whom the manuscript is dedicated, was, according to the dedication by O'Clery himself, at the cost of the compilation. *The Annals* commence at the earliest period of Irish history, and close with the year 1616. A Latin translation of them, as far as the year of the English conquest, 1172, was made by the celebrated Dr. O'Connor, librarian at Stowe, and published in his *Rerum Hibernicarum Scriptores Veteres*; the remainder now appears for the first time, and in an English dress, from the pen of Mr. Connellan, Irish historiographer to George and William the Fourth.

Appended to the translation are a variety of notes by the translator and Dr. Mac Dermott. As far as quantity is concerned, they exceed the original text, and surpass it in variety of subjects and archaeological lore. The ancient geography of Ireland is a main topic of the notes: they contain, in fact, the ancient Irish topographies, and exhibit the ecclesiastical divisions of old Ireland as well as the civil. Topography, however, is by no means the sole matter of the notes: they embrace a great variety of subjects, especially relating to Milesian history, bardism, and the clans of Ireland; and are done with great learning and earnestness, but perhaps savor too much of the *Milesian* antiquary—a manner which must accompany such matter.

The publication of this volume is creditable in a national point of view; for it places in the hands of the student and antiquary a work otherwise inaccessible, and forms an important contribution of raw material towards the history of Ireland. Its popular value is not great. The work is strictly annals. Content with events, the authors had no disposition for inquiring into causes, deducing truths, or pointing a moral—unless in the case of a miracle or a "judgment" that overtook sacrilege. To them one event or fact is as good as another; and though the greater actions are mostly told at greater length, it seems rather to arise from the number of the incidents than from any sense of superior importance in the writer's mind. Till the accession of Henry the Eighth, the annals are rather bald and jejune; afterwards they get fuller; but the minds of the writers remain. The greater plenty of materials, and the proximity of the events to the writers' age, give more particularity to their story, but the narrative itself is just the same. The Four Masters, how-

ever, were men of plain speech—there is little Irish rhetoric in their work. They also seem to have been men of great industry and accuracy, and honest according to their lights.

The want of such popular attraction in *The Annals* as is possessed by some of our own chroniclers, may be partly owing to the bald character of many of the facts, and to the authors' having compiled from records rather than gathering their information from living sources. The main cause, however, is to be attributed to the subject matter. There is no more history in Ireland till the reign of Elizabeth, or perhaps till the entire reduction of the island under Strafford, than there was among the ancient Britons, or during the worst period of the Heptarchy, or in the Highlands of Scotland throughout the middle ages. There is no central interest either of person, people, or purpose; all is *distraction*. Whatever might be the case in some Milesian golden age, which criticism or chronology can never reach, and which, like the Islands of the Blest, or "the circle bounding earth and skies," ever recedes before the pursuer, all recorded facts exhibit "Ierne" in a state of violence and disorder, surpassing that in which the Romans found the Gauls, the Britons, or the Germans, or which more modern explorers have discovered among any other people. A less numerous and more scattered population, fewer imported arts, less nominal federalism, and less real chieftainship or clanhead forming a sort of rex without rule, might readily be pointed out: but we know not any nation, or collection of tribes, which, having reached a certain stage of improvement, surrounded by nations continually advancing, and with so many natural advantages, made so little use of them as the Irish. Greater material and social barbarism may be readily discovered among some of the African, Australian, and American tribes; more mental barbarism it would be difficult to find; such *savageism* impossible.

In this point of view, *The Annals of the Four Masters* is curious and convincing. Such a picture of incessant violence, robbery, raids, and feuds—not forgetting murders, open, treacherous, and in the family way—we never met with before in records; though it is possible that such a state of things may have existed for a short time in various other countries, during the total disruption of social order which followed the downfall of the Roman empire.

Any attempt to put this state of things upon English misrule, would be a vain delusion; it was evidently the chronic state of the country before the English came. Bands of piratical Danes had invaded Ireland and settled there long before the arrival of the English; and but for the distance from Denmark, might have conquered the country at an earlier period, for it is clear the native powers could not expel them. Take as a sample of society the following picture of violence, which we have extracted from 1172, the first year of the Annals. Strongbow had indeed arrived; but the deeds are purely Irish affairs, and could not in any way have been caused by the English. They were evidently the custom of the country, and would have been discontinued in any country that had a spark of nationality or patriotism, till the invaders had been expelled.

IRISH NATIVE DOINGS IN 1172.

"The Cloicteach [Round Tower] of Tealachard, which was crowded with people, was burned by Tiarnan O'Rourke.

"Donal O'Fogarty, lord of South Ely, [in Tippe-

* The Annals of Ireland, translated from the original Irish of the Four Masters. By OWEN CONNELLAN, Esq., Irish Historiographer to their late Majesties George IV. and William IV., Author of a Grammar of the Irish Language, &c. With Annotations by Philip Mac Dermott, Esq., M. D., and the Translator.

rary,] was killed by Donal, son of Donagh, lord of Ossory: he had committed slaughter in the two Elys, where 320 persons fell.

"A piratical fleet from Uladh [Down] entered Tyrone, and carried away a great number of cattle.

"Niall, son of Mac Loghlin, marched with the Kinel Owen into Uladh, to plunder it. Many were slain by them; and they carried away an immense prey of cattle. Niall afterwards took hostages from Oriol.

"Manus Mac Dunslevy O'Heoghy, with a party of Ultonians, preyed Cul-antuaiscirt: he plundered Cuil Rathain (or Coleraine) and other churches. A small body of the Kinel Owen, commanded by Conor O' Cathain, (or O' Kane,) overtook them, and a battle ensued; in which the Ultonians were defeated, with the loss of twenty-one chiefs, and sons of chiefs, and a large portion of their army. Manus himself was wounded in the engagement, and fled from the field. He was afterwards slain by his brother Dunslevy, aided by Giolla Aongus, son of Gillespy, a prior of monks, at Down, after having committed many depredations.

"Tiarnan O'Rourke, with the men of Brefne, plundered the people of Saithne, slew great numbers of them, and carried away an immense booty in cattle.

"Another predatory excursion was made by Tiarnan O'Rourke into Deisceart Breagh; on which occasion he slew Giollu Enain Mac Lughadha, chief of Cnirne, and Mac Gilleseachnaill, chief of Deisceart Breagh. O'Lamhduibh was slain on that occasion by the men of Meath. Donal Breaghagh, (O'Melaghlin,) lord of East Meath, gave hostages to Tiarnan O'Rourke.

"The people of Hy Maine plundered Ormond on seven different expeditions from Palm Sunday to Low Sunday.

"A party of Siol Murray went on a predatory excursion into Thomond; they plundered Sirtaghan O'Lidiudha, (Liddy,) and slew himself in a battle.

"Siol Anmchadha and Muintir Cionaeth plundered Ely, and took away a large prey in cattle.

"The people of West Connaught and a party of Siol Murray plundered the West of Corcomroe, and carried away an immense prey in cattle."

MURDER AND MAKING PEACE: 1177.

"Niall O'Gairmleadhaigh, (Gormley,) lord of Fermaighe Ith and of Kinel Enda, was slain by Donogh O'Cairellain and the Clan Dermot, in the precincts of Derry Columkille. The house in which Niall was at this time was set on fire, and he was slain at the door while endeavoring to make his escape. After this Donagh O'Cairellain made peace with God, Columkille, and the people of Derry, on his own account and on behalf of his descendants; and he made an offering to St. Columkille and the people of Derry, for his sons, grandsons, and descendants, forever. He likewise bestowed upon them a Bally Biatach, in the parish of Domhmachmore; and he gave them the *Mac Riabhach*,* the most valuable goblet in Ireland at that time, which was an equivalent for *sixty cows*. He built a house for the clergyman in lieu of that which was burned over O'Gormley, and paid him the loss sustained by the fire."

MORE NATIVE DOINGS: 1179.

"A peace was concluded by Donogh O'Cairellain and the Clan Dermot with the Kinel Moen and

* *Mac Riabhach* signifies the *Grey* or *Speckled Boy*; a fanciful name given to this curious goblet.

O'Gormley. Awlave Mac Meanman was brother of Donogh's wife. This treaty was ratified in the church of Ardstraw; where the oaths were administered by the clergy of that church as well as of Domhnach-Mor and of Urney. O'Gormley (Awlave) came on the following day, demanding more sureties, to the house of Donogh O'Cairellain; but they killed him in the middle of their people, before the mansion-door, in the presence of his sister, Donogh's wife; they also slew three of his party, namely, Cionsadh, son of Art O'Bracain, (or Bracken,) and the son of Gillerist, son of Cormac Mac Reodain, the foster-brother of Donogh O'Cairellain."

LOYALTY AND FIDELITY: 1196.

"Murcheartaeh, son of Murcheartaeh O'Loughlin, lord of Kinel Owen, and heir presumptive to the throne of Ireland, the tower of bravery, and feats of arms of Leath Cuinn, the demolisher of the cities and castles of the English, and a founder of churches and delightful sanctuaries, was slain by Donogh, son of Blosghaidh O'Kane, at the instigation of the Kinel Owen, after they had sworn by the three shrines, and the canon of St. Patrick, to be faithful to him. His remains were conveyed to Derry Columkille, and interred there with honors and solemnity."

MIRACULOUS PORTENT.

"An awful and strange shower fell in Connaught, extending over Hy Maine, Sodain, Hy Diarmada, and other parts, followed by terrible diseases and distempers among the cattle that grazed on the lands where this shower fell; and their milk produced, in the persons who drank it, extraordinary internal diseases. It was manifest that these were evil omens, foreboding misfortunes to the people of Connaught; as they sustained irreparable loss and calamity in the same year by the death of Cathal Croddearg, the son of Torlogh More O'Connor, and king of Connaught."

A little light sometimes breaks through the gloom. We meet with persons whose character and virtues are highly spoken of, though the praise is often so general as to seem vague. Now and then an act of conduct or heroism stands out in striking contrast to the mass of miserable squabbles and crimes; but they are individual and exceptional. Here is an heroic trait of an O'Donnell.

"O'Donnell (Geoffrey) was confined by his mortal wounds at Lough Beathach for the space of a year after the battle of Credrain, [fought against the English in 1258.] When O'Neill (Bryan) received intelligence of this, he collected his forces for the purpose of marching into Tirconnell; and sent messengers to O'Donnell demanding sureties, hostages, and submission from the Tirconnellians, as they had no lord capable to govern them after Geoffrey. The messengers having delivered their commands to O'Donnell, returned back with all possible speed. O'Donnell summoned the Corneli-ans from all quarters to wait on him; and having assembled at their lord's call, he ordered them, as he was not able to lead them, to prepare for him the coffin in which his remains should finally be conveyed, to place him therein, and to carry him in the very midst of his people; he told them to fight bravely as he was amongst them, and not to submit to the power of their enemies. They then proceeded in battle array at the command of their lord to meet O'Neill's force, until both armies confronted each other at the river called Suileach (Swilly.) They attacked each other without regard to friend or relative, until at length the Tyrionians were de-

feated and driven back, leaving behind them many of their men, horses, and much property. On the return of the Cornelian force from their victory, the coffin in which O'Donnell was borne was laid down on the place where the battle was fought; where his spirit departed, from the mortification of the wounds he had received in the battle of Credrain."

It requires but a cursory survey of history to see that civilization has been extended by colonization alone; and that in ancient times, as in modern also, colonization meant conquest, possession, and the absorption of the weaker race. Why this should be we cannot tell, any more than we can tell why the animal races prey and ever have preyed upon each other; we only know that so it is. Etruria, Magna Grecia, Asia Minor, and at varying periods Spain, Gaul, Britain—nay, according to the glimmering of myths and tradition, Greece herself—were all indebted to an immigration, which gave a superior race to the respective countries or engrafted it upon the native stock. It would seem, too, that the subsequent character of the people depended upon the thoroughness with which this absorption took place, and that a predominance of the indigenous race was fatal to high character. The wars and immigrations of the Romans, Saxons, and Danes, crowned by the Norman conquest, must have thoroughly overpowered the original Britons, and have crossed the "breed" to a remarkable extent. In Gaul this "crossing" was probably less, the indigenous races remaining more untouched; and so the modern Frenchman is more excitable, less prudent, and, as far as labor or enterprise are concerned, less enduring than the Anglo-Saxon race. Of all the European nations, Ireland (from her position) underwent the least of this stern but it would seem indispensable formation; and from the slight resistance she offered to very slender forces—a comparison with Cæsar and his legions would be simply ridiculous—it would seem that by nature or circumstances the Milesian Celt was an indifferent specimen of the brood. The easy success of the English adventurers was unfortunate; for it left the work half done; and though the island was never thoroughly quieted till the iron hand of Cromwell smote it, yet the outbreaks (for the best of them could hardly be called wars) were not sufficient to induce England to put forth her strength, and, in the words of Wellington, Ireland was only "half conquered." But Nature will have her way: her laws cannot be slighted with impunity; had circumstances permitted Henry the second, or Cromwell, to remain in Ireland and settle her as William the conqueror settled England, so as to have amalgamated the natives with the conquerors, she would have escaped long centuries of misrule and suffering, and the dire infliction by which Nature is now fearfully vindicating her mysterious laws.

INVIOABILITY OF PERSONAL FREEDOM UNDER BRITISH AUTHORITY.

THE officers of the company to whom the mail-steamer Cambria belongs are charged with a gross violation of propriety. Mr. Frederick Douglass, an emancipated American slave, has been over to this country on a visit of anti-slavery agitation. Wishing to return to the United States, he went to the London office of the company and secured a berth in the Cambria. He applied for a second-class place; but was told that all distinctions were abolished, and that his color would be no impediment to him; and he paid first-class fare. When he went

on board, however, he found that his berth had been given away to some one else; and as a condition of his going on board, he was obliged to promise that he would not take his meals or associate with the other passengers. The object of this stipulation, it needs not be explained, was to protect the American passengers against the company of a person of color.

For the maintenance of the bad feeling which so disgraces the republicans, the anti-slavery agitators are in part blamable. They have invoked religious bigotry; they have used violent and coarse language; they have threatened servile war and social revolution. They have attempted to meet dogma with dogma, intolerance with intolerance. There are, no doubt, grave inconveniences in the practice of "fraternizing;" and it would be just, as well as judicious, to smooth rather than to exasperate those difficulties.

But Englishmen will not consent to adopt or sanction the opposite practice, that of social oppression. In England we do not recognize the Yankee dogma that the negro is an inferior animal. Even if he were of a different species—which is at least an assumption not borne out by clear evidence—even if his natural powers were not equal to those of the Caucasian, it does not follow that it is justifiable to oppress him. He is at all events a fellow-creature. If he is a different animal, he is an animal that speaks: at least anthropomorphous, he merits the sympathy and respect of man. The negro and the Caucasian have children in common, even in the United States: now such a commerce is either lawful on the score of that common humanity, and is a fortiori an acknowledgment of companionship, or it is a crime. In England we regard the oppression of the negro with pain; we repudiate it as inconsistent with Christian doctrine and civilized morals. If the citizens of the United States cannot abide the negro to come between the wind and their nobility, let them keep aloof. In this country we do not admit that compulsory association which seems to be tolerated in America—we leave individuals free to do as they please towards individuals; and persons engaged in the public service of this country ought to know that they will not be permitted to degrade the British authority by violating the national sense of moral rectitude. No ministry would so disgrace itself as to continue its countenance to any commercial body acting in that way.—*Spectator*, 10 April.

THE NEW PORT OF THE MERSEY.

THE rise of Birkenhead is one of the most remarkable events in the history of commerce. To something like the rapid, go-ahead, constructive energy of a colonial community, has been added the artistic refinement of a highly cultivated society: with the commercial vigor of England or the United States, the leading men of Birkenhead combine the princely spirit of the aristocratic merchants of mediæval Italy, and the artistical faculty for constructing cities as a whole which seems to have been lost since the ages of antiquity. The immense docks are backed by a town planned to be symmetrical, salubrious, and comfortable for all classes; with a park for their recreation. No sooner are the gates of the unfinished docks opened, than there enters the first trade-ship. Simultaneously with the establishment of Birkenhead has been the establishment of free trade. Commerce, political freedom, and art, have all presided at the birth of Birkenhead.

Liverpool seems to look with a Carthaginian jealousy at the institution of this rival on the opposite shore—at least the corporate authorities of Liverpool do so. The jealousy is as natural as it is shortsighted. The history of the affair illustrates the imperfect wisdom which lurks in the saying, "A penny saved is a penny got." Liverpool derives a revenue of nearly £230,000 a year from dues imposed on the goods and ships entering its docks; and derives £80,000 from "town-dues;" of that joint revenue about £150,000 has been applied, not to the accommodation of the great transit-trade of the port, but to speculative investment in dock-building and the ease of local burdens. The Birkenhead people have only taken powers to levy moderate dues on the vessels using their docks, not on the goods at all. For their profit as traders they trust to the growth of trade; and they will not run the risk of keeping down that growth of trade in order to keep down the nominal amount of local rates. Liverpool has acted on the very opposite plan; she has maintained a toll-bar at the mouth of the Mersey, and has applied the toll to save the pockets of her citizens from direct demands in the shape of local rates; but, of course, what they save in rates they lose manifold in the stinting of their trade; for great as that has been, it might have been greater. Their penny saved is many a penny lost. The free competition of Birkenhead necessitates the removal of the toll-bar, and the trade not only of Birkenhead but also of Liverpool will benefit by the removal of restriction. No doubt, the apportioning of the benefit will in some degree depend upon the start taken at first; and the absence of the Liverpool dignitaries from the festival of the week seems to indicate a sullen adherence to the obsolete policy, rather than a recognition of the new necessity. The interests of Liverpool will suffer proportionately.—*Spectator*.

How calmly may we commit ourselves to the hands of Him who bears up the world—of Him who has created, and who provides for the joys even of insects, as carefully as if He were their little father!

No one learns to think by getting rules for thinking, but by getting materials for thought.

Every one has in his youth something of a poetic genius—its folly and its enthusiasm. The poetic genius itself lives in an eternal youth.

I have never had such a peculiar feeling of the narrowness of the human heart, as when, in one afternoon, I have had to write six friendly letters to six different persons.

It does not follow that he who deceives us, considers us, therefore, as fools. He ascribes his success rather to his resistless powers.

There are comforters by profession, to whom nothing worse could happen than that others should be consoled; they could then talk the less.

If self-knowledge be a path to virtue, virtue is a much better one to self-knowledge. The more pure the soul becomes, it will, like certain precious stones that are sensible to the contact of poison, shrink from the feid vapors of evil impressions.

The pursuit of pleasure makes us as earthly-minded as engrossment in business.

We would rather discover truth than hear it.

THE OLD HOME IN THE COUNTRY.

[We do not know the author of these lines. To any name they would do honor. For the Living Age, they are sent by a Pennsylvania correspondent, who says—"Cousin Jane copied them when she left the old place in Chester county for the last time."]

Gloom is upon thy lonely hearth,
Oh silent house! once filled with mirth,
Sorrow upon the breezy sound
Of thy tall poplars whispering round.

The shadow of departed hours
Hangs dim upon thine early flowers;
Even in thy sunshine seems to brood
Something more deep than solitude.

Fair art thou, fair to strangers' gaze,
Mine own sweet home of other days!
My children's birthplace! yet, for me,
It is too much to look on thee!

Too much! for all about thee spread,
I feel the memory of the dead,
And almost linger for the feet
That never more my step shall meet.

The looks, the smiles, all vanished now,
Follow me where thy roses blow;
The echoes of kind household words
Are with me 'mid thy singing birds;

Till my heart dies, it dies away
In yearnings for what might not stay;
For love which ne'er deceived my trust—
For all which went with "dust to dust!"

What more is left me but to raise
From the lone spot my spirit's gaze?
To lift through tears my straining eye
Up to my Father's house on high!

Oh, many are the mansions there,
But not in one hath grief a share!
No haunting shades from things gone by
May there o'ersweep th' unchanging sky.

And they are there, whose long-loved mien
In earthly home no more is seen;
Whose places, where they smiling sate,
Are left unto us desolate.

We miss them when the board is spread,
We miss them when the prayer is said;
Upon our dreams their dying eyes
In still and mournful fondness rise.

But they are where these longings vain
Trouble no more the heart and brain;
The sadness of this aching love
Dims not our Father's house above.

Ye are at rest, and I in tears—
Ye dwellers in immortal spheres!
Under the poplar boughs I stand,
And mourn the broken household band.

But by your life of lovely faith,
And by your joyful hope in death,
Guide me, till on some brighter shore
The severed wreath is bound once more.

Holy ye were, and good and true!
No change can cloud my thoughts of you;
Guide me like you to live and die,
And reach my Father's house on high.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

WRITINGS OF WASHINGTON.—The cheap reprint of Mr. Sparks' edition of the writings of the father of his country, now issuing from the press of Harper & Brothers, is a very important contribution to the public good. For one dollar and a half a volume (about half the price of former editions) may be added to the library the records of the great mind and noble heart which were set apart by Divine Providence for establishing the foundations of that Anglo-Saxon dominion which will cover all America. How short is the time since Washington gave to the world that example in which various and opposite qualities were blended in such admirable proportion, that their very harmony takes from the perception of the superficial observer the greatness of the character he looks upon.

Unwearied patience in the forced inaction which seemed enough to ruin the cause for which he strove; undoubting fortitude under reverses which threatened to blast the reputation of the leader; unflinching hope in the darkest hour. And in no instance was there "a vigor beyond the law." No spasmodic rushing beyond his bounds on the plea of necessity. Watchful prudence and the highest human wisdom were his. There was, with all his noble powers, an extraordinary degree of a quality which is often not ranked with the highest, but which appears to us to be one of the necessary elements of greatness: INDUSTRY, which never relaxed. How many great qualities, how much rigid self-denial, go to make up such an industry.

We see in these volumes that the leader of the armies was also obliged to inspire the Congress—and to operate upon that body it was necessary that he should exert his influence upon all the state legislatures. His was the all-pervading mind and soul.

No man can study such a character, without

being raised by the contemplation of it; and he will see more and more of its greatness, as his own mind increases in capacity.

If every public and private library could have these volumes added to it, our government would be brought back to the spirit of its great founder. There are many indications that party and faction are not to perpetuate an unbroken iron rule over the country, and that disgust at the selfishness and corruption of politicians of all parties, is making an easy path to greatness for one who seems to possess simplicity, moderation, integrity, strength, and wisdom—and who will probably come to the task of civil government with a determination to emulate the great man we have been speaking of. Strength in himself, and strength in the confidence of his countrymen, are necessary to our next President, whose post will be the more honorable because it will be the more arduous. His will be no task of routine. He comes to stamp the character of a new era.

At such a crisis we rejoice that the great lesson of the past is made so accessible to the community, and shall have done good to all our readers whom we may have induced to read these invaluable volumes. Mr. Sparks has built the true WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

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